

# Emersonian '09





# The Emersonian

Published by the

Class of 1909



Emerson College of Oratory

Boston, Massachusetts

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And neher brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne?

—Robert Burns.



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The Emersonian Board of 1909, presents this the second volume of the Emersonian to its friends. We hope it may meet with your approval. We have endeavored to make it worthy of the class and college it represents, if it falls short remember in judging, it is yet young, its path has been strewn with obstacles.

The "grinds" which appear in the pages have been given in the kindest spirit and we trust you will accept them

as such. In days to come may this book bring back the happiest recollections of student days at E. C. O.

Finally we wish to thank each individual who has contributed in any way toward making this Emersonian what it is.

#### BOARD OF EDITORS.





## Prologue

OH YOU, THE READER OF THIS BOOK  
IN IDLE MOOD, OR WISH TO FIND  
WHAT RECORD WE HAVE LEFT BEHIND,  
WHEREON THE STRANGER'S EYE MAY LOOK.

WE BID YOU PAUSE, THAT YOU MAY LEARN  
WHAT IN THESE PAGES WE WOULD DO,  
THAT YOU MAY SEE THE FALSE AND TRUE,  
AND IN YOUR JUDGMENT BE NOT STERN.

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE DAY  
WHICH DAWNED FOR US THREE YEARS AGO,  
WHEN WITH GREAT JOY AND HEARTS AGLOW  
WE FIRST SAW EMERSON'S BRIGHT RAY.

YOU'LL SEE THE FACES DEAR AND TRUE  
OF THOSE WHO IN THE LIVELONG DAY,  
WHEN WE WERE SAD, OR BRIGHT AND GAY  
HAVE HELPED US ALL OUR BEST TO DO.

HERE ARE OUR FACES AND OUR NAMES.  
OUR NICKNAMES, TOO, AND WHAT EACH ONE  
IN THESE THREE YEARS AT SCHOOL HAS DONE  
TO WIN SOME MEASURE HERE OF FAME.

HERE, TOO, THE OTHER CLASSES ARE,  
THE CLUBS OF MANY DIFFERENT KINDS,  
SOME JOKES AND RHYMES AND FRIENDLY GRINDS—  
WE HOPE THEY HAVE NOT GONE TOO FAR.

AND NOW, DEAR READER, THAT YOU FIND  
THE PURPOSE WHICH IS IN EACH LINE  
OF THIS, THE BOOK OF NINETEEN NINE,  
READ ON AND, JUDGING, BE YE KIND.



## Dedication

With most sincere feelings of loyalty  
to our President, and deep appreciation  
of what we all owe to his unfailing  
kindness as our friend, and sterling  
worth as our teacher, we dedicate the  
Emersonian to

Henry Lawrence Southwick



HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK

## President Henry Lawrence Southwick

---

Henry Lawrence Southwick was born in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, June 21st, 1863. His education began in the free schools, completing the prescribed course at the Harris School, Dorchester, Mass., and graduating as valedictorian of his class from the Dorchester High School in 1880. He attended the Monroe College of Oratory, at the same time holding a position on the Boston Herald.

The year following his graduation from the Monroe College in 1887, Mr. Southwick conducted the class in oratory at Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, and in the autumn he was made master of elocution and oratory in the William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia.

In the year 1889 Mr. Southwick married Jessie Eldridge and the following year returned to Boston and became part owner with Dr. Charles W. Emerson of the Emerson College of Oratory, where he was the professor of Literary Interpretation, Oratory and Dramatic Art.

After spending the years 1896 and 1897 with Augustine Daley's company, he returned to the William Penn Charter School, where for three years he taught as Master of English. At the close of the third year he, in partnership with Mr. Kenney, purchased the Emerson College. From that time he served as dean of the institution until the year of 1908, when he was elected President of Emerson College.

He is known to the public as a reader and a lecturer, and when he is free from duties at the college his services are in demand in the various sections of the United States.

President Southwick is now residing in Brookline, where he and Mrs. Southwick, with their three children, Ruth, Mildred and Jessie, are always "at home" to Emerson students. There is an irresistible attraction about the Southwick fireside and the college students avail themselves of every opportunity to enjoy the hospitality of President Southwick and his family.



EMERSON COLLEGE

## Emerson College as an Educational Force

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Much may be, and has been, said in regard to the location of the college in historic and cultured Boston, and of the great advantages which come to a student from this environment. All this is true; but true also of any other institution in this city. Rather would we emphasize in this article some of the special, strong and unique advantages which the Emerson College of Oratory possesses in itself and presents to its students.

It is not simply an elocution school or a series of studies where students are taught to "speak pieces" and present the thoughts of others. When this is said we have placed ourselves outside the ranks of the ninety and nine other schools, bearing kindred names, and stand *facile princeps* in the list of the few leading schools that make English studies, expressional, interpretative and creative their major presentation.

To enter the college as a regular student the same qualifications as for any liberal art college are required. The average student, however, is more mature than the average college student; as age with us is no grade or criterion. Students from sixteen to sixty recite in the same classes. Here may be found the students just graduated from high school, the college professor on a year's leave of absence, special students from Harvard or Boston universities, teachers with ten or more years' experience, and those who are looking hopefully to such service or to other fields where personality and self-expression count.

The college is a very cosmopolitan school; which is an educational advantage worth recognizing. It is no uncommon thing to find in one year students from forty different states and foreign countries. The Canadian Club usually presents a membership of twenty-five, and the South is "solid" with more than twice that number. Voices from New England, Oklahoma, the Pacific States, and the Provinces, are heard daily in our class rooms. There is no opportunity for narrowness or provincialism in such surroundings.



Of these students a large number are college graduates, or have had normal or partial college courses before coming to Emerson. The work done by them here has won recognition from the old and conservative colleges which grant their degrees, in course, to graduates who are pursuing advanced work under our instruction.

Here the speech arts find a home in company with physical and vocal training. Psychology, logic, rhetoric and composition are taught as in liberal-arts colleges, with the added teaching values of normal schools; while anatomy, physiology and hygiene, physical and vocal culture surpass in many ways that taught elsewhere.

No matter what a student's previous training in English has been he finds here new fields for investigation and expression. To write original dramatic work, and to stage it; to give adequate interpretation to worthy writings, to take part in debate or public speaking in an earnest and dignified way, and to express one's own, or another's, thoughts and feelings in a vital and artistic manner, is taught all who pursue the regular course.

Our work is always with that which is of educational value. Only the best is studied; whether it be the writings of orator, essayist, poet or dramatist. Thus the students soon develop criteria of taste and judgment that lead them to instructively avoid the trivial or mere trifling. Spontaneity in expression is sought for, so that they learn to "give" and to "lend" instead of becoming receptacles for holding the thoughts of others. Helpfulness is the key-note of all the college work; for all study is from the teacher's point of view,—to be able to present it to others.

Not only are the students privileged to study daily with a body of cultivated and enthusiastic teachers, but in the weekly lectures from Doctors Rolfe, Griggs, Burton, Winship, Mead, and others of no less note, they come in closest contact with masterly presentations of highest themes by scholarly and inspiring men.

Ability to handle audiences and classes is characteristic of the Emerson graduate. To name the institutions where the college has sent her sons and daughters to teach and lead, would be to call the roll of the leading colleges, academies, high and normal schools, from Harvard to the younger

schools that front the setting sun on the Pacific slopes. What university can point to three score and ten graduates placed in teaching positions during the past year? This is the number contributed by us to the ranks of that profession which enters so intimately into the very inner life of our nation. A great teacher once said, "I magnify my office." The office of a graduate of this college is to teach. By precept and example, from the teacher's desk and preacher's pulpit, and from the platform of the lecturer or entertainer, our graduates are ever presenting themes and thoughts worthy of the highest consideration. For nearly thirty years this work has been going on, since the time when Dr. Emerson began to teach and apply a new psychology which is so generally accepted today by all schools.







CHICKERING HALL



CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON

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## Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson

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In the year 1638 Thomas Emerson, who was of a family knighted by Henry VIII, came from England and settled in the little Massachusetts town of Ipswich. From him descended Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Phillips Brooks and Thomas Emerson, who was the father of Charles Wesley Emerson.

The story of the life of Dr. Emerson, like the stories of the lives of other great men, might be simply and briefly told. He was born in Pittsfield, Vt., on the 30th of November, 1837. His early life was passed amid the rugged hills and peaceful valleys of his native state. His early education was received in the public schools, and under the special tutorage of his father, a man of liberal education, refined tastes, and high intellectual power, who instilled into his son's mind a love of study, a desire for research and a power of independent thinking which marked the progress of his entire life. After completing his work in the public schools and the higher courses in English, classical and scientific lines with his father he pursued the study of theology under the guidance of the Rev. Dr. Tyler of Vermont.

When but nineteen years of age he preached his first sermon, and two years later was ordained by the Association of Congregational Ministers of Windham County, Vermont, to the ministry. For twenty years he was engaged in this work, being settled respectively in Halifax, Brookfield and Northfield, Vt., and later in Fitchburg, and then in Chelsea, Mass. The desire for broader culture lead Dr. Emerson to take a course in medicine, receiving his M. D. from one of the medical colleges in Philadelphia, and to pass through the departments of Law and Oratory in Boston University. Ever a student, he devoted himself to extensive reading and study of history, art science and literature. Once he heard it said that not twenty in a generation really understood the philosophy of Plato, and for years he pored over the works of the ancient Greek, resolved to be one of the twenty. It was the writer's privilege to listen to Dr. Emerson in the pulpit but once, when he preached from the text, "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these

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is love." The text is suggestive of the life of the man; the sermon spoke of the power for good which must have radiated from him during his ministry.

Failing health compelled him to leave his chosen calling and he went to England for some months of travel and rest. After his return he was appointed lecturer on Vocal Physiology and Hygiene in the Boston University School of Oratory where he remained until the death of Prof. Monroe, its dean, when the department was discontinued. About a year later Dr. Emerson, surrounded by a few friends, opened the Monroe Conservatory of Oratory in Pemberton Square. In a few years this school outgrew its accommodations and was moved to Wesleyan Hall on Bromfield Street. The name was changed to the Monroe College of Oratory, and in 1889, by the urgent request of many of the Alumni and the graduating class of that year it was changed to the Emerson College of Oratory, in honor of its founder. Again the college outgrew its quarters and was removed to Old Fellows' Building, and subsequently to Chickering Hall. In 1902 failing health compelled Dr. Emerson to retire from active work, and on his birthday, November 30th, 1908 at the age of 71, he quietly and peacefully passed away.

While the life incidents may be briefly named, the far-reaching influence of the life and teachings of Dr. Emerson cannot be measured. To say that for twenty years he was the spiritual leader of large congregations and for twenty-two years more the beloved head of a great educational institution, the largest of its kind in the world, is but faintly suggestive of what he has accomplished. The teaching of oratory today is on a different basis because of him; thousands all over this broad land, and in foreign climes, are carrying the glad tidings of a psychological education and a broader spirit of benevolence, of love, and of helpfulness to hundreds of thousands whose lives are becoming different because of the great heart and noble life of Charles Wesley Emerson.

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EMERSONIAN BOARD



## EMERSONIAN STAFF

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WILLIAM J. ROLFE





## William J. Rolfe

President Emeritus

William James Rolfe was born in Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 10, 1827. His boyhood was passed in Lowell, Mass. He was graduated from Amherst College in 1849. In 1859 he received the honorary degree of A. M. at Harvard, and the same degree at Amherst in 1865. He is one of the foremost Shakespearean scholars his works having long been recognized as one of the standard critical authorities. In 1903 he was elected President of Emerson College of Oratory, which position he resigned from in 1908, though he still gives of the fruit of his wisdom in a course of lectures delivered during the college year.





HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS



## Harry Seymour Ross

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Harry Seymour Ross was born in East Haddam, Conn., in 1868. The boyhood of Mr. Ross was spent in the little Connecticut town where he remained until he was twenty years of age.

At that time he went to Oberlin, Ohio, where he went through the preparatory school and did three years of college work, earning all his expenses himself. After a year of absence from Oberlin Mr. Ross intended to return, but turned instead to Emerson College of Oratory, where he was graduated in 1897.

After his graduation he went as professor in English and Elocution to Worcester Academy, and after three years his labor was recognized in his appointment as Master of English. In 1905 Mr. Ross was made the first assistant to Dr. D. W. Abercrombie, the principal, in whose absence he was acting principal.

In 1902, while travelling in Europe, Mr. Ross met Miss Ella McDuffee. The following year they were married and together they spent some time in England, Scotland and Wales.

In 1908 Mr. Ross became dean of Emerson College of Oratory, and is generally loved by the Emerson students.





WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP



HARRIET C. SLEIGH



ELVIE BURNETT WILLARD



JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK

## WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP.

Dramatic Interpretation, History of Drama, Impersonation, Analysis.

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, educated in Woodward High School and Monroe College of Oratory. Taught rhetoric in Monroe College. Was professor of Oratory at Boston College and special lecturer at Boston University of Law previous to his appointment at Emerson in 1889.

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## HARRIET C. SLEIGHT.

Anatomy, Physical Culture.

Born in Niles, Michigan, studied Psychology, English Literature and Physical Training at Indiana State Normal School, Terre Haute, Indiana; assistant in Physical Training department Iowa University; took two years' course of Medics at Iowa University; graduate of Chatauqua School of Physical Education and Expression Department; post graduate of Emerson.

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## ELVIE BURNETT WILLARD.

Lyceum and Concert Reading.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y.; received early education in New York City and is a post graduate of Emerson College; was reader for several years with the Unity Company of Boston and the Temple Quartette Concert Company previous to her appointment at Emerson in 1902.

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## JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

Voice Culture, Shakespeare, Epic and Lyric Poetry.

Born in Wilmington, Delaware; a graduate of Vassar College and New England Conservatory of Music; author of "Expressive Voice;" was a member of the faculty of Monroe College of Oratory and Boston Rivals Concert Company.



SEBAS A. ALDEN, M.D.



FOSS LAMPRELL WHITNEY



WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY



CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER

## SILAS A. ALDEN, M. D.

Applied Anatomy, Hygiene, Physical Training.

Born in Hampden, Maine; studied at Hampden Academy and State Normal School, Castine, Maine; graduate of Monroe Conservatory of Oratory; received a degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Boston.

## FOSS LAMPRELL WHITNEY.

Prose Forms, Personal Criticism, Goethe's "Faust."

Born in Charlestown, Mass.; graduate of Malden High School and Emerson College; teacher of Oratory in the Wyoming Seminary in Kingston, Pa.; became member of the faculty of Emerson College in 1897.

## WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY.

Vocal Technique, History of Music.

Born in Leominster, Mass.; graduate of Leominster High School; student two years at Harvard University; specialized for seven years in voice under the leading vocalists of Boston and New York; is a member of the Apollo Club and Choral Art Society.

## CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER.

Vocal Physiology, Hygiene of the Voice, Acoustics.

Born in South Wridgewock, Maine; came to Boston when eight years of age; educated in the Mitchell School for Boys; studied for seven years with various teachers; came to Emerson, where he was graduated in 1899. After his graduation Mr. Kidder taught in the William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia, and was also tutor in Bates College; a little later became an instructor at Emerson College.





REV. ALLEN ARTHUR STOCKDALE



MAUD GATCHELL HICKS



BARONESS RUSS POSSE



GERTRUDE MCQUESTEN



## MAUD GATCHELL HICKS.

Dramatic Literature and Interpretation.

Born in Lynn, Mass.; graduate of Chelsea High School and post graduate of Emerson College. She held position as teacher of Expression and Physical Culture in the Columbia College of Music and Oratory previous to her appointment on the Emerson staff.

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## GERTRUDE McQUESTEN.

Technique of the Voice, Articulation.

Born in Plymouth, New Hampshire; graduate of New Hampshire State Normal and of the Boston School of Oratory. For several years instructor in Articulation, Concert Department and Expression at New England Conservatory of Music.

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## REV. ALLEN ARTHUR STOCKDALE.

Pastor of Union Congregational Church, Chaplain of Emerson College.

Born in Jamesville, Ohio; educated in Jamesville High School, Indiana University and Boston University School of Theology; pastor of Berkeley Temple of Boston until it was combined with Union Church. Mr. Stockdale has been chaplain of Emerson College for four years.

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## BARONESS RUSS POSSE.

Director of Posse Gym. The Aesthetic Value of Physical Training.

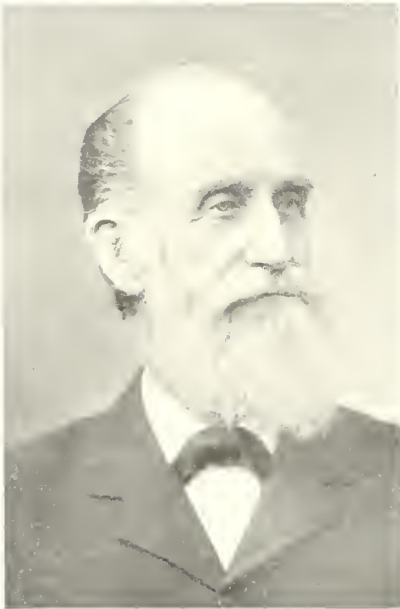
Born in Newburyport, Mass.; graduate of Newburyport High School and Salem State Normal School. Taught in the William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia. Was a special student at Radcliffe College. Since the death of Baron Nils Posse she has conducted the Posse Gymnasium.

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## CLAYTON D. GILBERT.

Theatric Training, Pantomime, Platform Art.

Born in Wisconsin; studied under Mrs. Scott Siddons; studied in Chicago, New York and Paris; was on the stage with several companies; is also a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music.



ISSACHAR H. ELDRIDGE



AGNES KNOX BLACK



WILLIAM G. WARD, M. A.



LILIA E. SMITH

## ISSACHAR H. ELDRIDGE.

Treasurer.

Born in Chester County, Penn., and educated at the famous Quaker "West Town Boarding School;" was merchant in Ohio and later entered the banking business. Has been treasurer of Emerson College since 1900.

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## ELIZABETH M. ROGERS.

Associate Preceptress.

Elizabeth M. Rogers was born in Amherst, N. H., and educated in the Boston schools. Though not a graduate of Emerson College of Oratory she has been officially connected with that institution for twenty-one years and in that time has seen about four thousand students graduated from Emerson.

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## AGNES KNOX BLACK.

Literary Interpretation, Analysis.

Educated at St. Mary's Collegiate Institute, Toronto Normal and Toronto University; studied in Edinburgh and won a high reputation as a reader throughout Great Britain; was lecturer on Elocution at the Ontario Normal School; holds chair of Elocution at Boston University.

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## WILLIAM G. WARD, M. A.

Professor English Literature at Emerson College.

Born in Sandusky, Ohio; graduated Ohio Wesleyan University 1872 (A. M.); Drew Theological Seminary (B. D.); studied one year at University Halle and at Berlin; held positions of Professor Baldwin University, Ohio; President English Literature, Syracuse University; President Spokane College. He is the author of "Tennyson's Debt to Environment," "The Poetry of Robert Browning," "Art for Schools," and "Studies in Literature."

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## LILIA E. SMITH.

History of Education, Pedagogy, School Management.

Born in Chelsea, Mass.; post graduate of Emerson College; became a member of the faculty at Emerson College in 1890; teaches in the Emerson Summer School.



EBEN CHARLTON BLACK, A. M., LL. D.



PRISCILLA C. PUFFER



EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS, A. M.

## EBEN CHARLTON BLACK, A. M., LL. D.

Poetics, English and American Literature.

Born in Liddesdale, Scotland; graduate of Edinburgh University; student at Westminster College, Cambridge; travelled for year in Belgium, France, Germany and Switzerland; became Lecturer of Literature at New England Conservatory in 1894; was appointed Professor of Literature in Boston University in 1900.

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## JANE EDWINA MITCHELL.

Aesthetic Dancing, Fencing.

Born in Ithaca, N. Y.; post graduate of Emerson; taught in Brenan College, Gainesville, Georgia; was Supervisor Physical Training in Public Schools, Leominster, Mass.; Director of Physical Training and Instructor in Speaking and Voice Technique at Fitchburg State Normal School, Fitchburg, Mass.

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## PRISCILLA C. PUFFER.

Gesture.

Born in Peabody, Mass.; graduate of the Normal School of Salem; taught in Lynn; post graduate of Emerson; studied with Prof. Clarke, Mrs. Baker, Leland Powers and Mrs. Adams.

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## EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS, A. M.

"Great Moral Leaders," "Art and the Human Spirit."

Born in Minnesota. He was graduated from Indiana University and upon graduation was appointed Instructor in English. At present, as a lecturer and teacher he stands among the foremost in America.

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## LEWIS IRVINE POTTER.

Make-Up.

Born in Berlin, Vermont; educated in public schools of Barre Vt.; in 1900 was graduated from Goddard Seminary, Barre; 1900-1902, grammar master in North Barre school; 1902-'03, student at Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.; 1905, was graduated from Emerson College; 1905-'06, student at Cairns James' School of Music and Dramatic Art, London, England; 1906-'07, taught Expression at Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vt.; 1907-'08, taught Public Speaking and Debate at University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.; 1908-'09, teacher of "Make-Up" at Emerson College.

## TO THE SENIORS.

In these few pages, Seniors dear,  
Many surprises you will find,  
A little hit—a little joke—  
But with a feeling very kind.

We know the nickname you are called,  
And some good true quotation;  
We know where you come from every fall,  
The town, the city—and exact location.

You say, 'tis strange we know so much.  
That we can write so true of you;  
Indeed it seems not so to us,  
To good observance is it due.

This book you'll have where'er you go,  
'Twill cheer you on your travels,  
'Twill make you smile and please you so  
You'll almost wonder how the gloom unravels.

There'll be the face of "Min," "Mill," "Pet" or "Hon,"  
Or faces of some other classmates;  
'Twill make you think of Emerson,  
Of the place where your wants were sated.

Three happy, fruitful years have passed,  
Wherein we've learned to love each other,  
And let that friendship ever last  
When some go one way—some another.

So onward, ever toward the light,  
Oh, keep the pathway straight;  
Working, striving for the right,  
And never thinking "'tis too late."

So now as out upon life's way,  
We go with hearts and hands united,  
Oh let us cast true sunbeams every day,  
And keep our souls enlightened.

—E. B. C.



- Hall -

52-174. W. in class 1901



Back row - Isabel Elsie Barten - Esther Goul - Wace.







# SENIORS

Mary S. MacMurtrei  
Bernice W. Keewin

18 members of class on known list at time of 55<sup>th</sup> 1904  
Class was first to attain 100% donor citations. They were  
Isabel C. Barton Ada C. Franklin Mildred P. Johnson  
Ethelyn N. Dike Elizabeth C. Ferrisden Lila S. Lynch  
Jean F. Dordell Blanche Boyden Hutchinson Ruth W. Joyce  
Mildred Duntson Maude N. Leaman Florence Hall  
Grace Arnyes Ferguson Ruth N. Shepper F. Esther D. Wallace  
Leona Smith



RENA AUSTIN

Charlotte, N. C.

"Dost thou think though I am  
 caparisoned like a man I have a  
 doublet and hose in my disposition?"

—Shakespeare.

This girl, who "makes a dandy man," came to Emerson this year from Elizabeth College, N. C. She holds the record for saying more words in one minute than any ordinary person does in five. This feminine element in her character appeals to a sister and co-mate, namely, Mildred, who enacts Celia to Rena's Rosalind perpetually—like Juno's swans they go coupled and inseparable.



HELEN M. BEAN

Belmont, N. H.

"Beany."

"A courage to endure and to obey,  
 A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway."

—Tennyson.

Well known from the fact that her name has headed the class list from the time '09 first appeared. We can all remember hearing that name spoken in all forms of emphasis, from Prof. Tripp's forceful tones to Mrs. Williard's encouraging inflections. Always first to be called on, and, what is more important, always ready.



SUSAN GRACE BITLER

Chicago, Ill.

"Bittie."

"She stops, she stands, she looks about;  
 Which way to turn she cannot tell."

—Wordsworth.

Glee Club. Picture Com.

This little whirlwind, fresh from Lake Michigan, claims many distinctions. She is a graduate of the Cumnock School of Oratory, has travelled extensively and is the real heroine of a book entitled "From Sionx to Susan." Besides all this, if our critical Mr. Gilbert be correct, she is soon to astonish the world with her wonderful acting. Bravo!

RUTH BLODGETT

Atlanta, Ga.

"Rufus."

ΦΜΓ Stunt Com. (3)

"Black were her eyes as the berry  
That grew on the road by the wayside."

—Longfellow.

Miss Blodgett joined us last year as a Junior and we were all glad to welcome her into our class. She radiates kindness to all her classmates, and we enjoy her true Southern spirit. We all wonder, "Rufus," why that delightful poem, "The House by the Side of the Road," is such a favorite with you. Never mind, it is all right, Ruth, and so are you.



Dec 2nd '07

NETTIE BOWLUS

Springfield, Ill.

"Net."

"A contrite heart, a humble thought."

—Scott.

KFX Emersonian Board (3)

Behold the most studious person in college; burns the midnight oil and spends all of her vacation in—a brown study. No time for social affairs, and as for men! Not for our Nettie. They are a faithless lot. We fear that some day those two favorite words of hers, "Yes, sir," given with her own peculiar charm, will be her undoing.



Dec 2nd '07  
Feb. 3, 1908  
Our own  
family  
- for the  
- for the  
- for the

BLANCHE E. BOYDEN

Lisbon, N. Dak.

"The rude sea grew civil at her song."

—Shakespeare.

KFX

Blanche taught a year before she came to Emerson, but you could never tell it—that is, not from her looks, for there is nothing of the proverbial "school marm" in, around or about her. This experience may account for her wide range of knowledge, but however that may be, the fact remains that her work is always above par and as to her rhapsodies of song! You should hear Blanche render the songs of Ophelia.



Nutkinson

## CATHERINE ELIZABETH CARL

Kingston, N. Y.

"Bess."

"Her voice is like a trumpet, loud and shrill,  
Which bids all sounds in earth and heaven be still."

—Ben Johnson.

ΔΔΦ Vice-Pres. (2) Pres. Y. W. C. A. (3)  
Emersonian Board.

Have you ever heard that voice lifted in protest when "Bess" found you rehearsing at 2 p. m. on Fridays? Don't you know that time is reserved for Y. W. C. A. meeting? "But sweeter woman ne'er drew breath," and thru her gentle but persistent efforts the Y. W. C. A. has grown in numbers and broadened in spirit. Her helping hand, ravishing smile, and love of a "square deal" has made her one of our best beloved.



## BERTHA CARPENTER

Lawrenceville, N. Y.

"The languid light of your proud eyes  
Is wearied of the rolling hours."

—Tennyson.

If the amount of sleep one gets has anything to do with good health, Bertha must have a robust constitution, for she indulges in "cat naps" at all times and seasons. This condition is furthered by her practice of Physical Culture. She has no rival in flexibility of muscle and if she keeps at it 'twill not be long before she will be the instructor of our gymnasium department.



## LUELLA VICTORIA COOK

Middle Granville, N. Y.

"Cookie."

"Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

—Wordsworth.

ΦΜΦ Vice-Pres. Students' Council (3)  
Emersonian Board.

"Cookie" is our star reader and already her services are much in demand. With her genial manner, natural talent, and zest for hard work we predict for her a most successful future. She also boasts of other accomplishments, first and foremost of which is efficiency in argumentation—"Tae e'en though vanquished she could argue still."







ELLENE CORBIN

Everett, Mass.

"How is it with you  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy?"  
—Shakespeare.

ΦΜΓ Rep. Endowment Com. Class Poet.

She is a merry, bright-hearted Puritan maiden, always sincere and loyal, who makes all happy with her sunshine and song. May she make "one" heart as light as she has made ours. With her go our loving wishes that life for her may be "one grand sweet song."



ADA CROGMAN, A. B.

Atlanta, Ga.

"Her voice was ever gentle, soft and low."  
—Shakespeare.

She came to us from the sunny Southland and brought with her an A. B. degree from the Clark University, of which her father is the able president. Yes, Ada, from your teaching of "Sheridan's Ride" we all know that you will be fully capable of carrying on the great work in the above college, and we wish you great success.



FLORENCE M. CURTIS

Watertown, N. Y.

"Blondy."

"A certain miracle of symmetry,  
A miniature of loveliness, all grace  
Summed up and closed in little."  
—Tennyson.

She is such a wonder in dramatics it is too bad that the fates decree that she shall never ornament the legitimate stage, but must confine her efforts to the platform. What a lovely blush suffuses her cheek in debate, and only two men in the class! Our petite Florence, "little, but oh my! She can teach!"

*Dec 2nd*

*Dec 2nd '94*



HELEN CURTIS

Susquehanna, Pa.

"Mrs. Curtis."

"Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear, their dwelling place."

—Byron.

KFX Junior Prom. Com. (2)

Helen always did like the heavy parts and with a "romantic disposition" she finds herself as judge in the court room of life, before the "wright jury," imagining herself a second Portia. Here's hoping, Helen, that the "quality of mercy is not strained" and that the verdict returned may be a favorable one.



F. ESTHER DONDERO

Willimantic, Conn.

"Donny."

"Your hair is dark, and your eyes  
Touch'd with a somewhat darker hue."

—Tennyson.

Emersonian Board (3) Stunt Com. (3)

Have you ever heard "Donny" sing "Dreaming"? Have you ever heard her tell about Willimantic? She loves all sorts of out-door sports, and still she wants to go on the stage. Do you know why she so strongly recommends the New England kitchen? If you do keep it dark! "Donny" certainly did fall well in "Nance Oldfield." How convincing it was! Dark suspicions are on foot that she will be a wonder some day.



MARY ISABEL ELLIS

Kingston, N. Y.

"Izzy."

"The calm brow, the parted hair,  
The gentle lips which knew no guile,  
Softened the blue eyes thoughtful care  
With the blond beauty of their smile."

—Whittier.

ΔΔΦ Magazine Board (2) (3) Stunt Com. (1)  
Calendar Com. (2)

When our "Ethereal Izzy" entered E. C. O. three years ago, we thot a breeze and a sunbeam welded into one had strayed among us. But she came to stay, and thru her perseverance and "grit," will this year carry away two diplomas, tho not at bargain prices. The only obstacle now visible on her broad highway to success is her extreme reticence of speech and the aversion which she has to advancing her own ideas and opinions.

*Return 104 for  
dark 55-56  
emerson*

*Bastin*





MINNIE AREA FARRON Danielson, Conn.

"A beam in darkness: let it grow."  
—Tennyson.  
ZΦH

It isn't every day that the old "Nutmeg State" sends such "violets" our way. You really wouldn't think it, but Minnie can be found always out of class hours at the English Tea Room devouring club sandwiches without number. But really our "Divine Sara the Second" needs to have something to sustain her besides our praise, altho we give it so unstintingly.



AMY ADELAIDE FISHER Boston, Mass.

"And all day long I number yet,  
All seasons through, another debt."  
—Wordsworth.

ZΦH Class Treasurer (2) (3) Stunt Com. (2)  
Class Marshal (2) Pin Com. (3)

Amy is an all-around Bostonian. She just loves to read, and knows the "Reveries of a Bachelor" from cover to cover. She has a very pretty name and the best place to exhibit it is at the bottom of a bill. How delighted we are to see it there, and how she delights to put it there!



MILDRED FORBES Jamaica Plain, Mass.

"Forbsie."

"Not as a child shall we behold her again."  
—Longfellow.

President of the Canadian Club (3)

Mildred came to us from way up in Nova Scotia. A girl we all are fond of and who doesn't care for studying at all (??) She will just leave her work any time we want her and go on a "lark." So few girls at Emerson do this! Mildred is an artist of no mean ability, as is shown by some of her work in the Year Book.

*described 162*



ELIZABETH FOSS

Boston, Mass.

"Buster."

"Judge me by what I am, so shalt thou find me fairest."  
—Tennyson.

Emersonian Board.

What a delightful breeze! Where does it come from? "Ah, that's Elizabeth, she is so jolly." Here we have a girl who always appears with a smile and makes her friends feel as if spring had come. She is fine in dramatic work and made a great "hit" in the "Open Gate." Never get excited, it doesn't pay. Live easily and happily.



JEAN FOWLER

*Fowler*

Baden, Pa.

"If aught of prophecy be mine,  
Thou wilt not live in vain."

—Tennyson.

Jean came from Saints Rest, but she didn't rest there. She absorbed all the learning and then came to join the Seniors at Emerson. Here she speaks for herself and there is no doubt as to a brilliant future. She is already a star when it comes to dancing, playing basket-ball, and manufacturing a rare rarebit. Her favorite song is "Are You Sincere."



MARTHA FOWLKES

Parma, Mo.

"Patsy."

"On her mouth  
A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded moon  
In a still water."

—Whittier.

Miss Fowlkes has to be "sighted," hence is a Missourian, but only by adoption, for she claims to be a Tennessean by birth and evidently wants to be a Bostonian Emersonian by training. This lady went to the extreme West a short time ago to tame the Indians, and as a result she carries about with her an old sombrero and a real gun, just to "show" us, no doubt. In the years to come she will have a good deal to show the world if present indications prove true.



ELLEN ATWATER GOUDEY Salem, Mass.

"Thy lips are bland,  
And bright the friendship of thine eyes."  
—Tennyson.

Mrs. Goudy is one of our most conscientious students. A suggestion is never given to her that it is not immediately put into practice. She makes the most of everything. This lady is the President of the Boston Emersonian Club. She has many private classes and has written many monologues and stories. Mr. Goudey has a rival! Mrs. Goudey likes Dickens, and sits out under the apple trees with him!

KATHERINE GRIFFIN *Armstrong* Franklin, Pa.

"O heart with kindest motion warm."  
—Tennyson.

Miss Griffin has already distinguished herself as a teacher in the grades. She would like to have it stated here that she just "dotes" on the scene work in Shakespeare, and rehearsals are a positive delight. A reward is offered to any one who will take care of her hands when she is not using them in talking. Miss Griffin, we all wish you success in manual training!



MARY C. HALL

Barnet, Vt.

"Little Miss Hall."

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others"  
—Longfellow.

She looks much more like a little white mouse than she does like a watch dog, though her position at the door is not intended to intimidate late arrivals in the morning, only to heap coals of fire upon their heads. Miss Hall is an earnest student and helpful classmate. Good luck to you, and all good attend thee.

*Deceased  
Mar. 1964*

*Deceased  
1949  
Again reported  
as Oct. 8, 1964*



RUTH ETHEL HARTER

Berwick, Pa.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warm, to comfort, and command."

—Wordsworth.

ΔΔΦ

Behind this smiling countenance doth lie much wisdom, for just think—only with us two short years and yet a full-fledged Senior with credits to burn and time—to help others. But listen while we impart two strange and secret ambitions; the first (in her own words) is "I want to be loved like a leading lady," and for the other—well, just tell her how thin she is growing and then notice the smile.



ALINE HAYES

Toccoa, Ga.

"Allie."

"Gray eyes lit up  
With summer lightening of a soul  
So full of summer warmth, so glad,  
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole."

—Selected.

ΦΜΓ

Of course she comes from Georgia. The very sight of her brings visions of orange blossoms and smiling Southern skies. Although she looks so young she has already taught three years with great success, and after her year at Emerson will be a wonder. "Allie" shines in all classes, but she fairly twinkles in debate where her genius for oratory stands out glorified.



THERESA B. HAYES

Syracuse, N. Y.

"Tress."

"A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

—Wordsworth.

Born in the "City of Opportunity," "Tress" has made the best of her birthright and in time wended her way to the "Hub" and won the hearts of Emerson students. We can easily see, with her well-planned mode of life, she will some day sit by the fire-side of a cozy home. Her chief occupations are making other people happy and trying to arrange rehearsals—for some other time.

Best friend  
in early life



MAUDE M. HEUSCH <sup>Palmer</sup> St. Marys, Ohio.

"And why, when mirth unseals all tongues  
Should mine alone be dumb?"

—Emerson.

ZPH Stunt Com. (3)

"Sound the loud timbrel" through Emerson's halls for here's Maude Heusch. You have heard of Mauds from every clime, and here is another one who comes from Ohio. She is an energetic, ambitious damsel, with wonderful theories all her own and an unquestionable fondness for ice cream and—other unmentionable things. There are innumerable good jokes and hits we could write of, but Maude informs us that she must take this book home, so with most sincere regards for Maude's feelings we refrain from mentioning more.



NANNIE HICKS Camp Hill, Ala.

"Pete."

"Nothing hinders me, or daunts me."

—Longfellow.

This little maid from the far sunny South joins with us in the "home stretch." She has studied two years at the White School of Expression in Pensacola, Fla., winning many laurels for her work. We are indeed glad to have her with us and feel her genuine, frank, kind sympathy and friendship.



ETHELYN HOLLAND <sup>Dike</sup> Worcester, Mass.

"Chile." "Ethel."

"I love her for her smile, her look, her way."

This girl is the most lovely the most must be just time with allow "Ethel" to her satisfaction have some going to be limitless in has investi



SHELDON H. DIKE  
President

WALTER D. WOOD  
Vice-President

*Ethelyn's son*

*Maude Heusch Bannan 1964*









MARGUERITE JAYNES

Ripley, Ohio.

"Chub," "Peggy."

"Up! Up! my friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double."

—Wordsworth.

Who is variable, capricious, the happiest girl in the class? Marguerite. She has a vocabulary all her own, and one expression which scatters all clouds of melancholy is her sympathetic, "Look here, honey!" She has not yet decided where her ship will take her, but her irresistible personality and studious (?) tendencies will help her to a desirable place on the ladder of fame.



MABEL V. JENCKS

Elgin, Ill.

"My tongue within my lips I rein  
For who talks much must talk in vain."

—Gay.

A conscientious maiden, given to introspection more or less, mostly more. Ask her why she smiles so incessantly. She can't tell you. But did you ever see her when she was not smiling? No, never! We are told by one of our instructors that in looks she resembles George Washington! She doesn't make much commotion, but still we are always aware of her presence.



GEORGE F. KELLEY

Waterbury, Conn.

"Kel," "Sis."

"I want that glib and oily art  
To speak and purpose not."

—Shakespeare.

ΦAT Class Pres. (2)

"Some day when dreams come true," Mr. Kelley's ideas will revolutionize the world, if he has his "say," and he has never yet failed to have it. If "silence is golden" he will never be rich. He has two specialties to be recorded after his name: One the art of doing nothing more gracefully than any one in college, and the other his wonderful faculty for memorizing his "lines" promptly for rehearsals. His master-piece is "Jane Jones."



Decided 5-4

Decided 5-4



MABELLE R. KELLEY Craftsberry, Vt.

"Mab."

"Voice, gait and action of a gentle-woman."

—Shakespeare.

She has studied all year, earnestly and conscientiously, and has secured excellent results. Just about examination time, when you are nervous and frightened and life seems a burden, seek out Mabelle Kelley and she will cheer you and drive away all fears by expressing her confidence in you. She is a good cure for the blues. No doubt about it.



ALICE F. KIEVENAAR East Boston, Mass.

"Fairy."

"A face with gladness overspread,  
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

—Wordsworth.

Many thanks to Wordsworth for this quotation, for it is the most fitting one to be applied to Alice. No one has any fears concerning her success as long as the world recognizes true worth. She is deliberate in every action and soothingly calm in crisis. If you are discouraged and blue just find this maiden and she will cheer you up. Too high a recommendation can not be given her.



RHEA KIMPERLY Cleveland, Ohio.

"Ray."

"And never brooch the folds combined  
Above a heart more good and kind."

—Scott.

KTX Students' Council (3)

Our sweet, unselfish, sacrificing "Ray," what can be the contents of that mysterious little box, pray, that we see you carrying so carefully on Tuesdays and Fridays? Knitting? Horrors, no! Oh, make-up for the Seniors! Fifteen cents for the year! Won't the Seniors next year wish you were here?

*Deceased*

*deceased  
1940*



GRACE LANE

MacLeansboro, Ill.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all she knew."

—Goldsmith.

ΔΔΦ Emersonian Board.

Grace joined our ranks as a Junior and immediately won distinction by excellent work in everything she undertook, at the same time winning her way into the hearts of her classmates. Her one desire on earth is to have a delightful little bungalow all her own in Idaho, and be a bachelor maid in the wilds. We are afraid her dream of "solitary" contentment will never be fulfilled.



HENRIETTA S. McDANNEL

Frederick, Md.

"Henry."

"Slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers."

—Shakespeare.

This fair damsel from old Frederick town has the true Southern temperament, for she herself confesses that what she wants most is a "good, big, long rest!" But in spite of it there have been times when she has caused a stir at Emerson, especially when for two years she was a dainty, sparkling baby in our stunts. "Henry" wants to go on the stage, and one of her remarks is "I am going on the stage next year, if I have to be a microbe on a stage trunk."



MRS. E. J. MacINTYRE

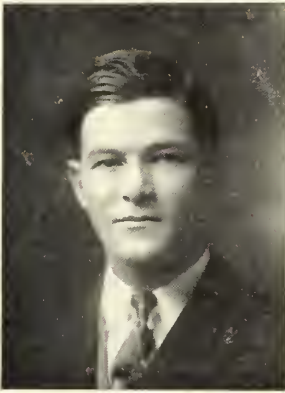
Ontario, Can.

"Her thought is deeper than all speech."

—Crouch.

Here we find a woman who is true to her own ideals. She is conscientious in everything and makes the most of the work here at Emerson. Sincerity is the key-note to her disposition. Once a friend to Mrs. MacIntyre, one always has her help in time of need. Her heart is full of the love of teaching and we all wish her well in her profession.

*deceased*  
*the best teacher Mrs. J. Tyre Smith (Mrs. Ches.) daughter of Mrs. " "*



FRANK J. MacKENNA Wayland, Mass.

"Mack."

"Thou art e'en as just a man as 'ere my conversation coped with all."  
—Shakespeare.

ΦAT Vice-Pres. Class (3)

Mr. MacKenna, or "Mack," as he is commonly known to us all, is a great favorite among his classmates. He always has a good word for every one and he is an all around "good fellow." One of his pet words is "ellifaluciusphiligicated." You will have to go to him to find out how to pronounce it! He informs us his chief sorrow is that he could not live in the city during his last year at Emerson. We might remark that his work has been just as creditable as though he had resided in the city.



MYRTIE MAQUIRE, A. B. Webster, Mass.

"She is of so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition."

—Shakespeare.

KFX

Our ambitious Myrtie with an A. B. degree came to Emerson to take an M. A. and at the same time to learn to express in the best possible way the vast knowledge she has gained. While studying for her A. B. degree her chief interest was in the study of the German language, and now with her Emerson diploma in hand we have no doubt but that she will be able to deliver lectures to audiences altogether untutored in this language, and to convey the exact meaning by her tone, gesture and facial expression.



MARGARET LOUISE MALONEY

Syracuse, N. Y.

"Lou."

"Half bold, half frightened, with dilated eyes."

—Tennyson.

Picture Com. (3)

Louise the merry, Louise the jolly, Louise the bright eyes of the Senior class, and with all this, a heart twice the size of the ordinary growth. From morn 'till night this beautiful girl radiates sunshine and love in her path and we find the "corners of her mouth ever up."

*Myrtie*  
*deceased*

ANNA MANN

Coney Island, N. Y.

"Lambkin." "Kidlet."

"Her heart upon her lips, her soul within her eyes."

—Selected.



Once upon a time, in the heart of the great city of New York, a feminine prodigy by the name of Mann, opened her eyes to the wonders of the world. Later the maiden strayed by chance into Emerson College, and there met her fate. Three years she has lingered with us and has developed charming, winning ways, wonderful tragic atmosphere, marvelous critical powers. Her voice is sweet and flexible and can be said to have real tears in it.

MARCELLA MARTIN *Heys* Harrisburg, Pa.

"Alack there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty swords."

—Shakespeare.

ZPH Prom. Com. (2) Glee Club (3)

Ever since entering E. C. O. Marcella has been fired with an ambition to go on the stage, take a man's part and be a real swashbuckling hero, but alas! how have those high hopes fallen, for a real man has taken her and there's a love-light in those languid eyes that lies, and lies and lies—but

A good comrade you've been thru and thru

An wherever you are we know you're true blue.

Whether married or single your course you pursue,

A health—here's to you.



JOSEPHINE MAXWELL

Martinsville, Ind.

"The one who consecrates her hours  
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim."

—Young.

Miss Maxwell has already proven herself a successful teacher, but felt that to fully realize her ambitions she must journey to the "Hub" and carry back Emersonian enlightenment to the Hoosiers. So quiet and studious is she that one would hardly think of her as an exponent of "voice." Busy as she is, however, there is always time for a "What is it, dearie?" to any one wearing a troubled expression.



*deceased  
Feb 1921*

*deceased*



BERTHA MUZZY

Worcester, Mass.

"Buzz."

"Right noble is thy merit."

—Shakespeare.

Oh! these girls from Massachusetts are unusually unusual. Now here is one whose child impersonations are great! Did you see her in the "Stunt?" Clever? Well, rather! She is one we must praise for her unfailing appearance at rehearsals exactly "on time." She is a good talker and seems to enjoy talking immensely, for she is seldom silent, but she usually has something worth saying.



MILDRED PAGE

Merchantville, N. Y.

"Mill." "Trixy."

"Listen to me, and by me be ruled."

—Tennyson.

Miss Page is a very industrious person. Her greatest ambition is to become a great reader with one hundred selections, and she expresses the earnestness of the desire in her whole body. Those desiring a good healthy lunch Mildred will be glad to see, and they will certainly wish to come again. Further information, see Miss Forbes.



MINNIE REESE RICHARDSON

Montgomery, Ala.

"Min." "Richie."

"A heart that feels and eyes that smile."

—Moore.

ΦΜΓ

If you come to Emerson ask for "Minnie Reese" (we all know her), and she will give you the warmest hand-shake you ever had. She has a little body but a big heart, and radiates kindness to all her classmates. One thing we seriously object is, she refuses to have a good time(?) "Min," please enjoy yourself.



deceased  
Oct. 30, 1943

deceased



LILLIAN RIGHTER

Carthage, Ind.

"Tot."

"She danced a jig, she sang a song, that took my heart away."  
—Selected.

ΦΜΓ

Though she hath a languid look, looks are most deceiving. For stunts, fantastic gymnastics and otherwise, Lillian certainly takes the prize, while we stand and blink our eyes. For many things is this maiden famed: First there are her fads, great and small; then the ease and grace with which she falls in love is the wonder of all, but where she shines brightest is in Dramatic Art, and some day she hopes to be a second Bernhardt.



MARGUERITE ROBINSON

Lyndonville, Vt.

"Robbie."

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate."

—Shakespeare.

Emersonian Board.

Here is a quiet (?) and retiring (?) maid from Vermont, who has never yet been known to fall behind expectations. Did you see her as "Jacques" in "As You Like It?" She can laugh well, can't she? She has no trouble in securing costumes for the plays in Dramatic Art class. Several others wish they could say the same.



MARY ROGERS

Courtland, N. Y.

"Raggie."

"Happy as a lark and busy as a bee."

—Crouch.

We wonder if Miss Rogers has grasped the "psychological point" of which we feel sure she must have heard. She has always a pleasant smile and makes one feel there is something worth while. She is prompt, and ever ready for suggestions and help.

*Discontinued*

*discontinued*





ENID M. SEVERY *Smith* Arlington Heights, Mass.  
"Puss."

"But so fair  
She takes the breath of men away  
Who gaze upon her unaware."

—Browning.

Treasurer of Glee Club. Sec.-Treas. and Chairman  
Missionary Com. Y. W. C. A.

This modest, unassuming little miss, with her big, blue eyes downcast, is to us a living example of a perpetual sunbeam, and to make everybody happy seems to be her only aim. In plays she cheerfully plays the modern man's part and struts and swaggers and is adorable. Her record at Emerson has been brilliant. We predict a happy, successful future for her.



TESSA SIMPSON, B. S. Moscow, Idaho

"Billy." "Simpy."

"A daughter of the gods divinely tall."

—Tennyson.

Here we have another tall and dignified Senior whose ultimate aim is the stage—so she says. "She would never marry a poor man; French chefs and Parisian gowns for her." But what is it the little bird whispered just now? Something about horse-back riding and—no, it does not sound like stage but more like—alright, if you do not want us to tell.



WINNIFRED SINCLAIR

Guysboro, Nova Scotia.

"Wyn." "Winnie."

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns  
And sweet as English air could make her."

—Tennyson.

ZPH Sec. and Treas. Canadian Club (3)

"Winnie," better known as "Wyn," came to us after having been drilled in "wise saws and modern instances" in the Mt. Allison Ladies' College. She says she is "crazy" about horse-back riding, hockey and golf, but we all know of another game, which she did not mention, at which she is an acknowledged expert—hearts.

*Desired*



MARY SLIFER *Mary Slifer* Colon, Panama.  
 "Strong in will. Rich in wisdom."

—Tennyson.

ΔΔΦ Vice-Pres. Class (1) Class Sec. (2) Chair-  
 man Stunt Com. (2) Editor-in-Chief  
 Magazine (3)

Driven by the mosquitoes from her former home in East Orange, N. J., Mary came to Emerson to get rid of some of her superfluous gray matter. Lately she has been inflicting portions upon the Magazine readers, and it is not known whether her present state of hilarity is due to the fact that she has succeeded in her purpose, or is caused by some brain disease acquired in the Canal Zone while on her X-mas vacation spent at her new home. Her main ambition is to go on the stage, and from all we gather she is going if she has to carry a spear and stand in the back row of attendants.



LENA MADGE SMITH

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

"Wendy."

"Bear thru sorrow, wrong and truth  
 In thy heart the dew of youth."

—Longfellow.

ZΦH Chairman Extension Com. Y. W. C. A. (3)

"Wendy" must have drunk deep at the fount of youth disguised as one of those famous springs in Saratoga, for it is impossible even when looking forward to the dim future to imagine her anything but a little girl. She says, however, she intends to teach next year and with earnest help some young ideas will soon be shooting in the Expression corner of the great Educational garden.



LILA B. STILLMAN *Lila B. Stillman* Uniontown, Pa.  
 "Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others."

—Longfellow.

Miss Stillman is our little Quaker maiden. She betook herself from her quiet home, came to Boston and found things not as bad as she imagined. Once or twice her quiet calm has been disturbed by a slang word or two, but she has gradually accustomed herself to the progressive metropolitan life of Boston and will go home to astonish the natives and incidentally to shed sunshine and peace, for even Boston could not remove this element of her make-up.

*Want attach  
 Jan. 18, 1965  
 [Signature]*

## ETHEL REBECCA SMARTWOOD

"Dimples." Auburn, N. Y.

"The very smile, before you speak  
That dimples o'er your lovely cheek,  
Encircles all our hearts." —Tennyson.

Glee Club (3)

This shining musical light first appeared in the heavens from Rochester, N. Y. She is the proud and happy composer of her own class songs, both in High School and Syracuse College, besides much incidental music. A brilliant future is predicted for her in her home town of Auburn, where she intends to follow up the work so nobly begun. Shine on! Shine on!



## JOHN ADAMS TAYLOR Westford, Mass.

"At this, the tender sound of his own voice  
And sweet pity, or the fancy of it, made his eye moist."

—Tennyson.

ΦAT Business Mgr. Emersonian (3) Class  
Orator (3) Sec. Treas of Students' Ass'n.

John came to us from Amherst, where he was graduated in '05. His specialties are palatable morsels of flattery, which he dispenses with a lavish hand, a marvelous voice power and the ability to make each particular hair on the top of his head to stand on end. He is the main attraction in the Book Room, and his chief aim in life is to impress upon you the fact that "Mac" is the assistant. He comes from Westford and has been coming every morning on an early train for some time. On this account he must needs arise in the middle of the night, milk the cows, eat a hearty breakfast, grab up his trusty valise and make for the station. Once in Boston, however, he does his effective "Beau Brummel" attitude and proceeds blithely thru the day.



## ELSIE THOMAS Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Here tonight! The hall tomorrow,  
When they toll the chapel bell." (?)—Tennyson.

Class Sec. (3) Chairman Stunt Com. (3) Chairman Picture Com (3) Emersonian Board (3)

Never at a loss for something to say. She uses her characteristic quality to good advantage, however, and the success of the Senior Stunt of '09 was due largely to her ability to put suggestions in such pleasant attire. Her social duties take up a great deal of time, but she always makes it a point to be at school when she has nothing else to do. If there is a place on the ladder of fortune for a person who will do or die, Elsie's success is assured.



Dec 23/55

Dec 23/55

Dec 23/55



DAISY M. THOMAS

Springfield, Ill.

"Sunshine."  
"I will do my best."

—Longfellow.

Daisy comes from Springfield and is therefore blessed with a kind and sympathetic nature. She never forgets a disappointment, so beware, even though she exhibits no outward signs of the inward. Who can forget Daisy having once seen her smile? She won't talk about any one unless she has something good to say—other criticisms are "not charitable."



ROBBIE P. WAKEFIELD

Anderson, S. C.

"Always thoughtful, kind and untroubled."

—Longfellow.

Class Rep. for Magazine.

The busiest person at College. She takes care of the morals and manners of the people at 38, substitutes in the library, is right hand man in the office and withal she keeps a smiling countenance. She can be seen at odd moments carrying home reference books by the armful, and the members of the Kipling class often form appreciative audiences for results of her research.



ESSIE LENORE WARNER

Seattle, Wash.

"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act

And make her generous that a fact."

—Selected.

Emersonian Board.

Miss Warner is Washington's sole representative, but the state need have no fear for the representative ably holds her own. She made her appearance this year and it did not take long to make her acquaintance, and once known her enthusiasm and lively air were irresistible. Even if she did waste early years at other colleges, we are inclined to think that some day she will turn up on top of the conglomerated mass.

*Received 57  
6/7/07*

received 1962



URMA WEBSTER

Wilmington, N. C.

"Urm."

"I take it to be a principle of life not to be too much addicted to any one thing."—Terrence.

Stunt Com. (3)

Our Urma first opened her eyes amid the cotton fields of North Carolina, and proud is she of her Southern birth. To say she is popular is to put it mildly; the swains hail from all corners of the globe and she enjoys the distinction of being our only representative at the inauguration ball. "A word to the wise is sufficient," therefore go thy ways and God-speed.



RUTH MERLE WHISTLER

Verme

Watertown, S. D.

"For in thyself thy magic lies."

—Tennyson.

ZPH Editor of Emersonian.

This young lady enjoys the distinction of being the neatest person in college. She always looks as if she had come out of the band-box we hear so much about and see so little of. Her diversion, when she is not copying notes in those marvelous note books, is the work she does on the Y. W. C. A. extension committee. She has not made known her plans for next year, but whatever path in life she chooses will be flowered on both sides.



MAUDE WILLIAMS

Poultney, Vt.

"Maude S."

"Goes home loaded with a thought."

—Tennyson.

Y. W. C. A. Com.

Three years have passed and we find "Maude S." a senior. She came to us from way up in New York State and after taking one year at Syracuse University she decided to take a course at Emerson. She is very faithful in work and as now she goes from our ranks we feel she will put this good work in practice and make an excellent teacher.





AMY WITTER

Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

"All that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

—Byron.

Canadian Club.

Amy has great ambitions and talent, my, yes! Although she forgot to join our class until '08 we are certain she will be a great success as a teacher of the Emersonian System of Gesture and Voice. She is the joy of all captains as she never was known to miss a rehearsal. No, she never misses gym, either. She is our quickest and most expert basket-ball player.



BERENICE WRIGHT

Elgin, Ill.

"Prexy."

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive She."

—Shakespeare.

KPX Class Pres. (3) Pres. Y. W. C. A. (2) Stunt  
Com. (2) Prom. Com. (2)

Berenice, our wise and honored president from the West, "yes, and proud of it," insists that she is to have a career and thus be wedded to her art. Now we are all perfectly willing to agree that a career for her would be far from impossible, for has she not "tact and talent" galore and of "other things"—full a score or more? But—wedded to her art—nay! Someone else may have a say!



NANNIE WELLBORN

Wilkesboro, N. C.

"Nancy."

"I'm nothing if not critical."

—Shakespeare.

Miss Wellborn came up from North Carolina to study at Emerson because after graduating from two other colleges and gaining her degree she still sought the muse of our art. We wish her well and if she still finds another college to attend, success be hers.

Reluctant  
to go



ROSELLA ZURA

Providence, R. I.

"As happy as the day is long."

—Shakespeare.

Rose—born across the seas—has the Oriental vivacity, grace and charm, and unfathomable emotion. She wins the hearts of stalwart men, but stoutly declares she will remain an "old maid." Her unconscious goal is the stage and she seems one of the chosen few fitted for that by nature.



MAY ROSS

East Los Vegas, New Mexico

"Dolly."

"To know her is to love and esteem her."

—Coleridge.

Pres. Endowment Com. '09. Vice-Pres. P. G. Class '09.

Up from New Mexico came our "Dolly" to cheer us and make us glad in dramatic work. She soon succeeded with her voice and her simple art. She is a very busy little maiden and her greatest fault is that she retires too early! "Dolly," beauty sleep comes before the wee hours.

*Married Dean Caldwell  
Dean of Beloit College*

*deceased*

MILDRED CLARK

Cumberland, R. I.

"Feminine to her inmost heart."

—Tennyson.

ZΦH Sec. Y. W. C. A. (3)

"Who are the two girls standing in the corridor," asked a stranger visiting Emerson for the first time. "Oh," answered the '09 girl, "That is Mildred Clark and Miss A——. You never see one without the other." Mildred is sweet and charming, and exceeds in playing the "leading man" in Dramatic Art.

*Florence Whipple Hall - attended class 55 - senior  
Anna Styke - deceased*



# SENIORS

## OFFICERS

PRESIDENT,     -     -     -     Berenice E. Wright

VICE PRESIDENT,     -     -     Frank G. MacKenna

SECRETARY,     -     -     -     Clara Elsie Thomas

TREASURER,     -     -     -     Amy A. Fisher

CLASS REPORTER, -     -     Robbie P. Wakefield

Class Colors, Green and White

Class Flower, Carnation



SENIOR CLASS





**TEACHING FOR 211 YEARS** — The cumulative teaching of these five teachers who have previously retired, amounts to 211 years. They were honored Tuesday night by the Saratoga Springs PTA Council in keeping with teacher recognition day, at the high school. In the picture left

*Member Class 1909 E.C.O.*

to right, are: Miss Margaret Hays who taught for 42 years; Mrs. Florence Hall, 39 years; Mrs. Elizabeth Tierney, 43 years; Mrs. Mary Richardson, 44 years; PTA Council president William Doyle; and Mrs. Blanche Simpson, 43 years teaching.



**'09 CLASS HISTORY**

"Here we are again, here we are again, O, yes, here we are again!" Why? Just because we are the class of '09 and you can't keep a good thing down.

In September, naughty-six, we came to Boston town and directed by Mr. Sparkes began the course in Emerson, which stands as a high water mark for all following freshman classes. As Juniors we returned in numbers strong and kept our records bright with Brother Kelly as the guide. At Commencement time we stood right well a helping hand to Seniors, and all the old reports of the past were burned and thrown away to make more room for praises true to whom—?—of course you are not from Emerson, if you were, you could not help but know none other than our Marshal, Mrs. Fisher. She was everywhere at once, with a smile that made things right. Not only as a Marshal, but to the Class all thru our whole three years, when a tangle came, and come they did, for who ever heard of any great achievement without difficulties, it was our "Fisher" every time who brought us straight.

In the Fall of good '08 we just started on our final homeward sprint. It is President Wright, and "Right" must win in every Race. Just see the things accomplished, just see the things begun,—do you wonder we are grave and dignified.

First in our honored records stands "Recitals," and 'tis this we wish to tell you about. You know for many years, the faculty and students have wished and wished for Public Senior recitals, but never until this year has a class been able to stand the test and successfully win out.

Next for a little social scheme we took the Freshman class for an auto ride to get a glimpse of historical and residential Boston.

Then our stunts, which you all remember; first, the Freshman, which was a George Washington Party, next the Junior Leap Year Musical Comedy, and last but not least, our Musical Minstrel Show. You may wonder why they were so fine. If you really wish to know, just notice if you ever found more real college spirit in any class than you see and feel and know in old '09.

## SENIOR STUNT

"Old-Time Minstrelsy."

Interlocutor

Mr. Frank Gamble Mackenna.

Ends

Ahwilla—Miss Richardson

Sylvester—Miss Webster

Mandy—Miss Kimberly

Rastus—Miss Martin

Ring

Mrs. Fisher

Misses Muzzy

Misses Foss

McDannel

Hayes

Corbin

Dondero

Carl

Curtain rises with Chorus: "Way down upon the Swanee River."

Interlocutor—"What are you laughing at, Mandy?"

Mandy—"Why, Mr. Interlocutor, down at dat Emerson College udder day, in the Paradise Lost class, de freshmen got so obstrucolous dat Prof. Ward had to gibe 'em a lecture. In de course ob de lecture he said: 'Hell am paved wid champagne, motor cars, and chorus girls,' and he was shocked to hear dat man Whitsey say, 'Oh, death, where am thy sting!'"

Song by Sylvester: "Wrong Again."

Wrong again, wrong again,

If I stand around I'm in somebody's way,

If I make a move I hear somebody say:

Wrong again, wrong again.

Everything I try I hear that old cry,

Wrong again!

Int.—"I have just received a telegram that Vesta Victoria will be with us today."

Enter Vesta Victoria—Bertha Muzzy.

Song: Tune, "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

There's a college in Boston town,

It's a school of great renown,

We've a faculty never slow!

They always sit in a row.

First our President, great yet stern,

And his help-mate who makes us learn

About our "Morals" and manners, too,

Our Dean who is wise—yet "new!"



## Chorus

Rah! Rah! Rah! for our teachers,  
 Rah! Rah! Rah! for the school  
 Juniors and P. G.'s and Infants too  
 Help us yell for our leaders so true  
 Who are always "kind" to the seniors,  
 And Seniors you'll all some day be,  
 So it's one! two! three cheers, hurrah!!  
 For our F-a-c-u-l-t-y.

## 2.

Mrs. Hicks has a dramatic bump,  
 William Kenny won't let you slump,  
 Walter B. Tripp is our comedy-man,  
 Clayton D. "Pshaw you can!"  
 Dr. Sleight is a friend to all,  
 Miss McQuestin just makes us "bawl,"  
 But when we are trembling with chills of fear  
 Mrs. Willard just says, "Yes, dear!"

## 3.

Lilia Smith with her head held still  
 Leads us all in our Physical Drill,  
 Mr. Kidder with accents neat  
 At-my-desk "Tickets please!"  
 Dear Mrs. Black gives no chance for shirk,  
 Mrs. Whitney like a fiend doth work,  
 And in psychology we're not bored,  
 "Confound it!" says Dr. Ward.

Mandy—"Say, Rastus, when can de rooster join de band?"  
 Rastus—"Ah dunno, Mandy."  
 Mandy—"When he gets his corn et!"  
 Rastus—"Speakin' ob chickens, when's a hen lake a cake?"  
 Mandy—"When?"  
 Rastus—"When it's a layer!"

Song: "Who's Your Friend?" Miss Foss  
 How often have you noticed  
 Now I know you have—  
 That the Senior Class is very shy of men?  
 The girls all hope and pray  
 But no new men come their way,  
 And so they always ask me:

“Who’s your friend?”  
I go about with Bobby and he looks so fine  
His eyes of brown uplifted are divine,  
But the Senior girls all cry,  
As they see us going by,  
Come tell us now young Freshie  
Who’s your friend?

## Chorus

Tell me, now tell me, who’s your friend,  
Kindly tell me and let the subject end,  
Don’t get angry we really won’t offend,  
Tip us on the quiet Freshie—  
Tell us who’s your friend.

## 2.

When walking with a fellow  
Whom I’d chanced to meet  
Of course I wasn’t acquainted with his name,  
I ran across some Seniors  
And they smiled so sweet  
I turned my head away so not to speak,  
But they turned back to call me  
And I knew full well  
The way to which their questions soon would tend,  
For they look on with surprise  
And asked me with their eyes  
That simple little question,  
Who’s your friend?

## 3.

Of course you’ve all played tennis,  
Now I know full well  
There’s something most alluring in the game,  
The love sets and the spooning,  
And the holding hands,  
The walks, the talks, and making goo-goo eyes,  
Now I went out with a party  
Of three charming men  
To Franklin Park we went to play the game,  
But much to my despair  
The Senior girls were there  
And the words that passed among them were the same.

Rastus—You know, Mr. Interlocutor, Ah'm a married man?"

Int.—"Yes."

Rastus—"Well, mah advice is nevah to git married. My wife she ask me foh money all de time. When Ah comes down to breakfas' she ask me foh money. At dinnah she ask me foh money. At suppah she ask me foh money. It's money, money, money all de time."

Int.—"What does she do with all this money?"

Rastus—"Oh, Ah dunno! I ain't nevah give her none yet!"

Impersonations by the famous Miss Henrietta McDannel of the Senior class.

George Cohan in "Little Johnnie Jones."

Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady."

Elsie Janis in "The Hoyden."

Vesta Victoria in "Poor John."

Merry Widow Waltz—Miss McDannel and Miss Bertha Muzzy.

Int.—"Sylvester, what are you reading?"

Syl.—"Ah'm readin' an obituary."

Int.—"Whose?"

Syl.—"Ah see dat de scene work at dat Emerson College has died from lack of rehearsals."

Int.—"I don't see anything funny about that."

Syl.—"Neither do I, or Mrs. Hicks, or Mr. Tripp, or any of the Senior class."

### "Dormitory Rules" Miss Allie Hayes.

#### Evolution of Rules

#### of

#### Emerson College Morgutories.

#### Key.

(And by way of foreword, each student is requested to carry her key.)

Always a borrower,, never a lender be,  
For loan oft bankrupts the lender, you see,  
But borrowing dulls only the friend's attire  
And saves your own; this above all acquire,  
And it must follow as rehearsal, rehearsal,  
Thou canst not then be did by any gal.

#### Animation.

All loud talking and noise of every kind in the halls and rooms.

#### Smoothness.

Merry Widow waltzes shall be practiced in the parlor every evening from 8 to 10. This revision of the rules does not apply to freshmen.

**Volume.**

Barn Dances, War Whoops, and general exercise of lungs and body, immediately after 10 p. m.

**Forming Elements.**

Of a rarebit. Careful weighing of each article, accurate and definite proportions, and a clear, true, spiritual flame. The result so effects the student that she is ready immediately for the next step.

**Slide.**

Going down? Use the banisters.

**Vital Slide.**

With prolonged, vociferous college yells, increasing speed at every landing. Going up? Two steps at a bound, repeating yell. The ups and downs of voice work may thus be brought home to students.

**Slide in Volume**

Demands all available articles of furniture, books, chaperons and such ornaments, so that the scheduled bump at each landing may resound throughout the Morgutory. No stop-over allowed.

**Forming Pictures.**

Brownie No. 2 is recommended. All students are expected to repair to the Fenway at some time during the study period, 1.15 to 2 is the hour recommended by the Faculty.

**Brilliancy.**

Gas must be blown out at the beginning of each study period, and any student who is found gasing will be charged at the rate of 10 cents per gas the instant of detection of said gas. Each student is expected to cultivate personal brilliancy unaided by the gas-man.

**Vitalized Pictures.**

Flash-lights shall be taken nightly of each room, including the chaperon's. On account of this revision, chaperons will be expected to keep their rooms in order in the future. Students will inspect nightly.

**Taste.**

This regulation refers to the Dunning-Room, where students may obtain a taste thrice daily, according to convenience of the Dunning-Room. Owing to the prophesied change in favor of the hash and pudding at the beginning of the next Semester no revision will be made at present.

**Rates of Values.**

A close record of the exact cost of meals and rooms be kept, and a constant comparison and reminder of the prevailing prices outside be brought to the attention of the management.

"Money's worth is our motto."

**Eclipse.**

All social pleasures should eclipse in time and values the study hours. Theatre parties, dinners, and dances are encouraged in or out of the house. All chaperons are expected to remain in eclipse. Thursday off of course is allowed all maids. Freshmen are free to take advantage of said Thursday afternoon.

**Purity.**

The rule as it stands is "No washing allowed in the rooms." We appeal to the P. G.'s who have no doubt long observed this rule for help in our wish to amend it.

**Obedience.**

Ignore all their rules; follow none,  
But obey these, and you'll never get done.

Song: "She's a Senior." Tune, "Sorry, Sorry." Miss Elene Corbin.

Juniors when the day is dreary  
Don't look pale and be so weary,  
Try to bear in mind the golden rule,  
For the Seniors are to tell the tale  
And always will,  
Just keep cool and never hurry,  
There's no time to fret and worry,  
Just keep on a-traveling up the hill.  
When this year is over then you'll feel in clover  
When you hear a Freshie say—

**Chorus**

She's a Senior—a Senior,  
Then how happy, happy you will be,  
A Senior—a Senior  
Oh now just look at me,  
You are missing lots of nice scene work and rehearsing,  
I know you'll never feel blue  
When you can say,  
Oh, I'm a Senior too.

**Emerson College Magazine Notes.**

Mandy (treading)—"The other day in the P. G. class, Miss White fell asleep while Mrs. Southwick was calling the roll."

Ah Willa—"It says here that Emerson College makes a man effeminate. For example, Mr. Reed made a strong speech the other day in favor of the dormitories in which he said he patronizes them."

Mandy—"Say, Ah Willa, what kind of voice culture exercises does Mr. Taylor use in the morning?"

Ah Willa—"Why the Emerson System, Ah suppose."

Mandy—"Oh, no! he doesn't!"

Ah Willa—"Professor Kidder am unanimously elected by the faculty of the student-body of Emerson College to lead the physical culture drill in the morning. (Dat am a responsible position for Prof. Kidder.)"

Ah Willa—"Why does Dr. Alden walk so quietly? Is it because of his many years of Physical Culture training? No—because he wears rubber heels!"

Ah Willa—"The student organization has petitioned a certain member of the faculty of the Emerson College of Oratory to come to chapel on time in de mornings, as it disturbs them in their exercises having her come in late. Lord—and she ain't got no excuse 'cause it's only large bodies dat move slowly. Why, who am it?"

Ah Willa—"Mrs. Maud Gatchell Hicks!"

Mandy—"Here am an Emerson Senior's definition ob Heaben: 'A place where Mr. Clayton D. Gilbert would act all through eternity and the Seniors would sit and give evasive criticisms!'"

Song: "I Want to be Loved Like a Leading Lady." Miss Esther Dondero.

Oh, Freshies dear, and Juniors, too,  
I have advice for you  
Now don't get smart and use your art  
In a careless, careless way,  
For you must know that it's a long, long road  
To play a leading role,  
And the Seniors are the only ones that get a show at all,  
For Freshies you are very young and Juniors pretty small,  
But don't look sad and don't look blue,  
For you'll come out when it's time for you.

#### Chorus

I want to be loved like a leading lady  
In the regular Emerson Way,  
Like Walter Tripp or Kidder, too,  
Or Dr. Ward loves his chosen few,  
I want a lead that's a real through thriller  
Like Hamlet or sweet Ophelia,  
I want to be loved like a leading lady  
In the regular Emerson Way.

#### 2.

And now good teachers kind and true,  
We turn our eyes toward you,  
In dramatic art we long to show  
What the Seniors can really do.



Our heads we turn to get effect,  
 Our eyes we roll around,  
 And come center stage when we've the lead  
 To show our sweeping gowns,  
 And when we kneel so gracefully  
 To say "Your Leige," or "Honor"  
 To escape the dreadful consequence  
 We go down on the knee toward the audience.

Song: "Students' Complaint." Tune, "All I Get is I'm Much Obligated to You," Miss Elizabeth Carl.

When we came to Boston town,  
 To baked beans and to bread so brown,  
 We thought that we would surely make a hit,  
 Recitations by the score  
 We would say them o'er and o'er,  
 But none seemed to think our voices fit.  
 We must do our exercise,  
 And gymnastic stunts besides,  
 And everything to give us grace and poise.  
 I wonder why no one says, "You've talent, Miss,"  
 But instead, "Go practice this."  
 For Freshmen all must learn this little song.

#### Chorus

Ma, Za, Ska, Ah! Ma, Za, Ska, Ah!  
 With the tip of the tongue and a tra la la la,  
 Contract and expand,  
 Learn to sit and to stand,  
 To make graceful movements with  
 Your arms and your hands,  
 Breathe deep and long,  
 Voice clear and strong,  
 Do this each day and you'll never do wrong,  
 Waste not your time nor go to the Spa,  
 But practice so regularly  
 Ma, Za, Ska, Ah!

#### 2.

When we came back to school this year  
 We thought we saw our way quite clear,  
 But now we wish our first had been our last,  
 We have rehearsals night and day,  
 Can't eat nor sleep, just time to say,  
 "Hello! Good bye! I'm off to meet my cast!"

We have to do Horatio,  
 The ghost, the duke, and Orlando,  
 And our brains are in such awful mixups  
 What shall we do?  
 For there's more upon the slate  
 Recitals, Normal and Debate,  
 And in between we sing this little song.

Chorus

### Hamlet Burlesque.

Cast

Hamlet—Mr. George Kelly

Laertes—Miss Luella Cook

Horatio—Miss Maud Heusch

Polonius—Mr. John Taylor

Ghost—Miss Ruth Whistler

Ophelia—Miss Lillian Righter

Enter Laertes with bags, etc.

Lar.—(Drops bags) My bags are packed—

Enter Oph.—Hello, Larry, where are you going?

Lar.—Paris, of course! Want to come too, Sis?

Oph.—Um-umph!

Lar.—Why not?

Oph.—Too much going on here.

Lar.—Say, now, see here, Sis, just a little brotherly advice before I go. You know I'm one of the boys, and I know Hamlet's a good fellow—but show him the marble heart.

Oph.—Now, Larry, there's enough of that. Don't preach at me but remember your own failings and beware of the fair sex.

Lar.—Well, that's all well enough; but you women don't understand; you are too sympathetic. Now I know he lost a father, and that father lost—lost his, and they were all lost in delirium tremens.

Oph.—Oh, splash! Stop preaching! Sh! Here comes the governor. Now don't give me away to dad.

Enter Pol.—Hey son, not gone yet? Hasn't Bernado arrived with his car?

Lar.—No, governor, Horatio's got a new Mercedes and he said he'd take me down.

Pol.—What time do you sail?

Lar.—'Tis now struck twelve—I leave in another hour. Say father, watch your daughter. Hamlet has his eye on her.

Pol.—Still harping on me daughter. Oh, well, he's dippy; he didn't know me the other day, he took me for a grafter. But don't fret, son. I'll so bestow myself, that I will watch her how she moves; now, son, I suppose you want a little spending money, but go easy on it. Take a little advice from your old dad, who in his youth was one of the boys and suffered much

extremity for love. Take this from me, and remember you are your father's son, you young blade. Now, Ophelia, tell me what you and Larry have been chinning about.

Oph.—Oh, ring off, dad! Nothing. Just some nonsense about Hamlet.

Pol.—So I have heard and I would counsel you to throw him over. Admit no messengers, receive no bon bons.

Oph.—But father, he's just crazy about me.

Pol.—You talk like a green girl.

Oph.—Well, but dad, his father left him stocks in Standard Oil and a seat in the Senate.

Pol.—Pish;

Lar.—Drop me a card now and then, sis, and let me know how you're coming out with cousin Hamlet. (Auto horn heard outside.)

Enter Hor.—All ready? Hello Ophelia! How do you do, Polonius. Come on all of you and take a spin down to the wharf in my new car. She's a beaut.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet—To be or not to be. Hully gee! That's the question: Whether 'tis nobler not to set up a tall scream when you're stung; or put up a scrap against a sea of troubles.

To croak; to pound the feathers; or to jump in at the sound of the gong, and go to it; kid?

And so forget your troubles, see?

A guy is sure up against it in this world, and if you jump off the dock, where do you come in?

A lot of boys put up with it because they don't know where they get off. It's a hard luck story for most of us; so many things put us on the cheese.

Our best friends pan us, a skirt will throw us down. —

Bulls in harness pinch us; what's the use?

Ham. (enter ghost)—Ye gods and little fishes! A spook! I'll take the bull by the horns and cross it though it blast me.

Hold! Art thou an alcoholic spirit or a cold glass of ale?

Ghost—I am your papa's ghost. I am here to avenge my untimely death which came not from imbibing of the foaming bowl but from eating too much of Walter Tripp's welsh rarebit.

Ham. Horrible! Horrible! Most horrible!

Oh thou poor ghost to suffer so from indigestion.

Ghost—Eat none of it! 'Tis vile stuff.

Hamlet, remember me!

(Exit).

Ham.—But soft you now the fair Ophelia!

Enter Oph.—Hello Hamlet. I hurried back from down town. Gave dad the slip in the new Washington tunnel. I wanted to talk to you. Er—you know father and Larry are batty over our affair.

Ham.—How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?

Oph.—They object to your coming into the family because your ancestors took rouse, kept wassail and you swaggering upspring reeled when you drained your Martini down!

Ham.—Thou art misled—

Oph.—Nay! Nay! I saw you coming down Huntington avenue and you had lost your poise! You did not walk on one line!

Ham.—Hush, keep it dark. I had been down to the frat house and there partaken of a welsh rarebit. It killed my father, and he came to me tonight to warn me and to tell me that the D. T.'s did not take him across the Styx.

Oph.—Oh tell it to the marines.

Ham.—I swear by me sword it was nothing but indigestion.

Oph.—Well, I don't want to marry a dyspeptic. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours that I have longed long to redeliver to you—take back the picture and the ring. (Exit).

Ham.—Stung!

(Exit).

---

### Mr. Tripp's Criticism.

Miss Swartwood.

"That scene where you poked Larry in the ribs, Polonius, was rather raw."

"Hamlet, not happy enough at sight of ghost."

"Polonius, you walked like a well-known domesticated animal, where did you get your walk?"

"Hamlet, your soliquy sounded rather like a plum pudding, all jumbled together, not enough of the sport. The reading and the rhythm of the blank verse certainly were to be commended. It showed hard work and faithful rehearsal."

"Horatio, your analysis of the various parts showed great application. Your entrance was rather slow, and when you do get in, have a swing about your movements and act as if you had a purpose in being there. Don't saunter around as if you were taking a promenade down a board walk.

"Ghost, accent papa."

"Ophelia and Hamlet, remarkable cross."

"Ophelia, not familiar enough with father and Laertes, rather stilted language."

"Hamlet, good voice work on 'stung' but you know the proper form is 'stinged.'"

Marching song—Tune, "March on Down the Field."

Emerson, dear Emerson.

We will sing for you.

Heart and hand

We united stand

To cherish you forever.

We'll give a long cheer

For Emerson.

We hope to meet you all again;

We'll be loyal, fond and true,

To Emerson.







## MISS P. G.

Come, let me tell you a story,  
A story that's old and yet new;  
Oh, many a time have I told it  
And every word you'll find true.

A particular "lady" we'll call her,  
Was born about four years ago;  
A bright eyed and beautiful baby,  
From her crown to the top of her toe.

The "mother" she guarded her darling  
And kept her quite free from all harm;  
And in one short year she was noted  
For her grace and her personal charm.

From a baby she grew to a maiden;  
The mother then guided her thru  
Those long, weary months of hard study,  
And taught her just what she should do.

She was neither a saint nor an angel,  
Nor a copier of every new frill,  
But simply a human young woman,  
Whose goal was the top of Fame's hill.

And now my winsome Miss P. G.  
The road lieth broad at your feet,  
The world will come half way to greet you  
If you will the other half meet.

A. C. G., '08





POST GRADUATES

## CLASS OF 1908

Colors—Yellow and White. Flower—Daisy.

### YELL

Emerson, Emerson, nineteen eight!  
Emerson, Emerson, nineteen eight!  
One, nine, naught, eight!  
Emerson!

---

### OFFICERS

President.....Elizabeth E. Keppie  
Vice-president.....May Ross  
Treasurer.....Gertrude Lawson  
Secretary.....Grace Reed

### CLASS

Elizabeth Beals, Toronto, Ontario.  
Eulalie Bradstreet, Bridgeton, Me.  
Frances J. Cattrell, Alliance, Ohio.  
Marguerite Chaffee, Chattanooga, Tenn.  
Marion C. Johnson, Brownfield, Me.  
Ethelind B. Havener, Searsport, Me.  
Anna C. Gill, Pittsburg, Pa.  
Hazel F. Jennings, Quincy, Mass.  
Elizabeth E. Keppie, Pawtucket, R. I.  
Irvin L. Potter, Barre, Vermont.  
Gertrude Lawson, Hardwick, Vt.

Grace E. Myser, Canton, Ohio.  
Grace S. Reed, Albany, N. Y.  
Henrietta Rackam, Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
Dora M. Rowe, Kansas City, Mo.  
May Ross, East Los Vegas, New Mexico.  
Flora Farrar, Augusta, Me.  
Laura M. Scott, Boston, Mass.  
Lillian E. Waggoner, Beaver, Pa.  
Laura H. Williams, Hyde Park.  
Elizabeth White, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.  
Mary Isabelle Ellis, Kingston, N. Y.

## The Old Guard

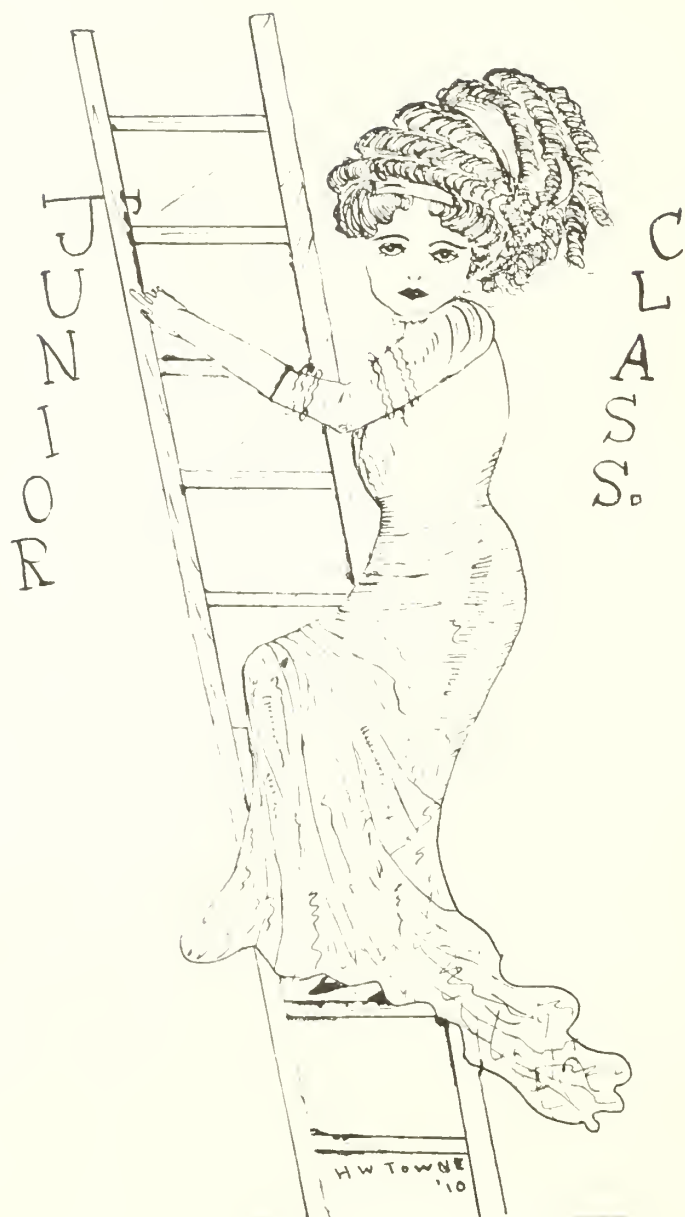
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We began this year fully expecting it to be the best in our history, and our anticipations have been more than realized. Our work and our play have both been ideal, and our colors have gayly waved. Once, when we were forgotten, and an exam was omitted, they flew at half mast, but we soon rallied, and naught since has dimmed our joy. True, the only man who was with us when we started our career, deserted us, and fled because of our inability to become "clay in the hands of the potter"—but hope has not left us, and our motto is:

"Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

True to our Emerson teaching, each member of the class retains her individuality. There is the one who saunters into classes when she gets ready—the one who does the two-step in recitation, the one who is always on time, even twelve hours ahead of time on Prom. Day. We still have the matter-of-fact lady, the flirty one who lingers in the far corner of the corridor—not alone. The one who prefers "The Ring and the Book" to "Pempilia"—the wee one who gets lost when she goes for walks, the one who asks ingenious questions regarding exams, and numerous lassies who read Sheridan—twenty miles away; the one who longs for a music room, and the one who clings to the telegram habit. To play "leading lady" is still the ambition of two of us. The poetry of clothes still sways one, and to another eccentric men make strong appeal, while the sole ambition of one member of the class is to wield the birch.

We are sorry to go, but we carry much of Emerson with us. May we ever retain its spirit, and as we find our niches in far corners of the earth, may our influence be helpful, and our criticism ever constructive.



## 1910

Up the ladder of life they are climbing,  
The Class of Nineteen Ten.  
They have battles to fight, but they'll win them  
And take their place with men.

Oh, the lessons of life, they are many,  
We learned in Freshman year,  
But we'd faith in ourselves and our brothers  
So fought on with good cheer.

Now as Juniors we're still in the struggle,  
And faint at heart we get,  
"Till the strength of our Emerson tells us:  
"Work on, you'll see light yet"

And the goal of our senior ambition  
Is but one year away  
When rejoicing and praising, yet grieving  
We'll pass along life's way.

Then the strength of our alma mater,  
Our guide, our help, our friend,  
Will return in our moments of darkness  
Again new life to lend.

Then on to the battle, Juniors,  
And fight with the ardor of youth,  
And glory in all that's before you  
And live in the beauty of Truth.

Bertha W. Fiske, '10.







JUNIOR CLASS

## JUNIOR CLASS

President.....	Jessica M. Powers
Vice-president.....	Warren B. Brigham
Secretary.....	Eunice F. Story
Treasurer.....	Pocahontas M. Staufft
Class Reporter.....	Bertha W. Fiske

Class Colors—Red and white. Flower—Carnation.

## CLASS ROLL

Ruth V. Adams, East Hartford, Conn.	William R. McGrath, Keyesport, Ill.
Mrs. A. J. Allen, Whitehall, N. Y.	Agnes McNally, Fall River, Mass.
Vashti C. Bitler, Eureka, Kansas.	Nellie T. May, Minneapolis, Minn.
Warren B. Brigham, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Irene E. Merrill, Rockfield, Conn.
Dealsy I. Brooks, Fresno, Cal.	Sara J. Morgan, Nashua, N. H.
Kathleen B. Brown, Altoona, Penn.	Ruth I. Morse, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Alma M. Bruggeman, Pittsburg, Penn.	Nellie F. Munro, Binghamton, N. Y.
Beulah D. Cady, Little Falls, N. Y.	Veroqua S. Patty, Essex County, N. Y.
Vinhemina E. Carter, Atlanta, Ga.	Edna M. Phillips, Urich, Missouri.
Georgia J. Castleberry, McCune, Kansas.	Jessica M. Powers, Randolph, Mass.
Janet R. Chesney, Farmington, Conn.	Nathan E. Reed, Dale, Texas.
Rhoda I. Christensen, Minneapolis, Minn.	Alice M. Rudisill, Altcona, Penn.
Bertha L. Clogston, Williamstown, Vt.	Katherine Q. Ryan, Butte, Mont.
Alice J. Davidson, Saco, Maine.	Alice Sandiford, Cambridge, Mass.
Mildred S. DeGraff, Amsterdam, N. Y.	Bertha H. Shine, Jacksonville, Fla.
Sara K. Dobson, Moncton, New Brunswick.	Ida F. Smith, Decatur, Ind.
Mary S. Ferguson, Birmingham, Ala.	Pocahontas M. Staufft, Pittsburg, Penn.
Ruby P. Ferguson, Sioux City, Iowa.	Eunice F. Story, Uxbridge, Mass.
Bertha W. Fiske, New Haven, Conn.	Edna H. Thomas, Birmingham, Ala.
Minabel Garrett, Albion, N. Y.	Eliza M. Thomas, Weldon, Ill.
Grace A. Geiple, Glen Rock, Penn.	Hugh W. Towne, East Jaffrey, N. H.
Emma B. Goldsmith, Canton, N. Y.	Erma S. Tubbs, Shickshinny, Pa.
Christine F. Hodgore, Malden, Mass.	Anne C. Wallace, Charlotte, N. C.
Gertrude Hubbell, Rochester, N. Y.	Marguerite V. Weaver, Birmingham, Ala.
Edith L. Jones, Minneapolis, Minn.	Grace M. Weir, Pittston, Pa.
Bernier Loveland, Hartford, Conn.	Fanny E. Woodbury, Frankestown, N. H.
	Ina M. Wright, Bloomfield, N. J.
	Minnette Zurer, Pulaski, Penn.

## Junior Views

The first picture that our eminent class of nineteen ten threw upon the wonderful canvas, was a goodly number of Juniors, with an Emerson smile on their cherubic countenances appearing on the twenty-eighth of last September with several new students in tow. The atmosphere of the picture showed how thoroughly they had passed upon the "Scrub" state and with a rapid succession of slides were as Juniors to occupy the right side of chapel.

Each then proceeded to select a new set of brushes such as Clarity, Controst, Development and so forth, and having had our paint-pots filled with color, the lights so arranged as to bring out brilliant tints, the attitudes of the class adjusted so their vibrations would be rythmical under the baton of Miss Powers, feeling with distinction that we should raise our art to an elevation, we set about showing our teachers how to do it. Most of our members also elected a very fine pen and ink course under Dean Ross, and at the close of the year are feeling a trifle guilty that such materials are now at a premium.

Having procured poise and realized the force of appreciating our gestures rather than calculating them, we broke from the line of aspiration upward, into gravitation downward and mixing our materials produced a general murky affect. This picture, after much deliberation, one should consider as the witch scenes from Macbeth. To be sure several presented one witch for three, but on thinking dramatically remedied such a trifling defect, and challenging the interest of our audiences gave some startling portraits, varying with postures such as Julius Caesar might employ and those that belong to a London slavey.

Several of our number decided that this line of work suited their peculiar art temperaments and in rapid succession have added new Lady Macbeths, and drunken porters until the primrose way is fairly thronged.

Others have realized the value of the practice of the "Taming of the Shrew" and have not hesitated to put on color so that at times it overlaps, and Grumio appears as Mrs. Grumio and Patrucerio and Katherine strike one another so well, they are as one.

In normal physical culture many have recognized the theory subordination as a good thing and have presented the exercises in such a way that points they were not prepared on might be supposed.

We have reached that stage in our development that we've discovered that by focusing the dynamic force of ideals we could positively keep a room from a senior, for pantomime rehearsal; also that waiting for other

members to appear, is a great thing to keep the dramatic intensity at the proper suspense—and to help in enlarging our vocabulary.

One of our most carefully prepared pictures which we presented to the seniors was "Junior Week." This was quite a panorama, including a Junior Tea, where we noticed *tete-a-tete* was popular; a stunt which was a dream; a Junior promenade which was highly successful we judge from the number who promenaded in the cosy parlors of Hotel Vendome.

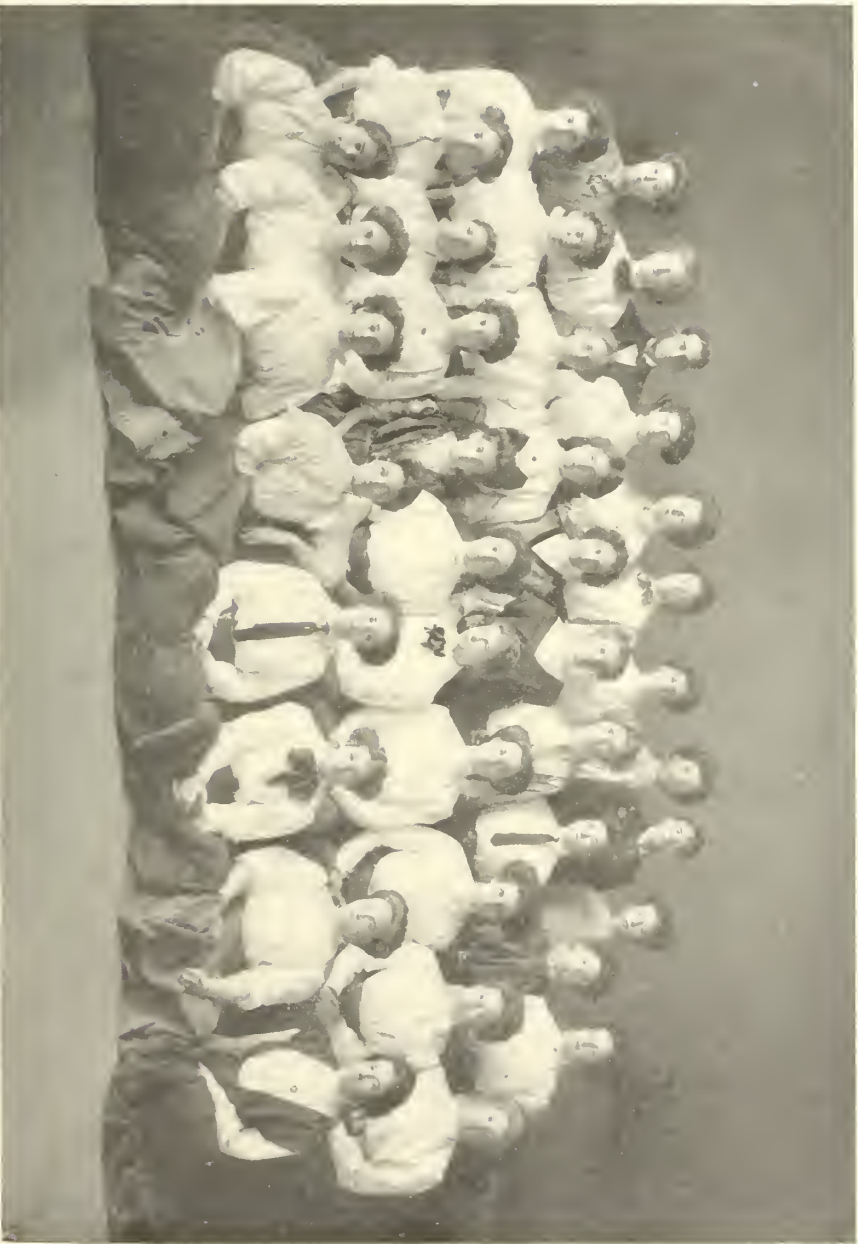
The latter part of the year has found many, in fact all of our class busy trying to decide how Hamlet should be treated. This estimable young man, in order to be thoroughly analyzed, has been the cause of many broken dates, and in attempting to help him properly affirm himself, many have "scented the morning air" without "being brief."

All of our portraits, however, have been done with the stamp of conviction all along the line, and if "there has been some humor in them" we feel "anon" that "we'll know that we know" enough with the guidance of the faculty and the inspiration of Emerson to worthily succeed the Class of 1909 and when our Commencement comes to give as our class picture—a smile.

Bertha W. Fiske, '10.







FRESHMAN CLASS



## FRESHMAN CLASS

President.....Tracy Eppstein  
 Vice-president.....Ruth C. Barnum  
 Secretary.....Marie E. Neahr  
 Treasurer.....Harry D. Chamberlin  
 Class Reporter.....Frances A. Speakman

Class Colors—Gold and white. Flower—Daisy.

### YELL

Who are, who are, who are we!  
 We are, we are, we are the  
 P-E-O-P-L-E—  
 Freshmen, Freshmen, Freshmen, See!

### CLASS ROLL

Keturah R. Andrew, Lawrence, Mass.	Laura V. MacKenzie, Blossburg, Pa.
Esther Appleby, Syracuse, N. Y.	Sheila B. McLane, Holyoke, Mass.
Mary C. Barker, Summerville, Mass.	William M. Martin, Cromwell, Conn.
Ruth C. Barnum, California, Tenn.	Katherine M. Moran, Providence, R. I.
Lucile Barry, Paterson, N. J.	Loise A. Beil, Tacoma, Wash.
Blanche I. Boyce, Little Rock, Arkansas.	Ruth K. Wessels, Orange, N. J.
Jessie L. Brown, Medford, Mass.	Helen W. Symonds, Springfield, Mass.
Esther H. Bucklin, Ithica, N. Y.	Allie H. Rice, Riceville, Tenn.
Alice M. Bartlett, Rockland, Maine.	Marie E. Neahr, Gloversville, N. Y.
Jennie C. Mower, Cleveland, Ohio.	Edith Newton, West Haven, Conn.
Meda M. Bushnell, East Leroy, Mich.	Livia I. Pelletier, Stella, N. C.
Evelyn F. Casa, Pontiac, Mich.	Eleanor W. Pomeroy, Boston, Mass.
Harry D. Chamberlin, Winthrop High-lands, Mass.	Elizabeth B. Powers, Glen Falls, N. Y.
Eva H. Churchill, Roslindale, Mass.	Belle Pugh, Wanscon, Ohio.
Alice E. Conant, Plainfield, N. J.	Mabel C. Randall, Cambridge, Mass.
Mary A. Creaghan, New Castle, New Brunswick.	Madeline I. Randall, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Armina F. Decker, Montgomery, Penn.	Violet A. Richter, Medfield, Mass.
Florence Deischer, Denver, Col.	Helen E. Rodger, Hammond, N. Y.
Roy S. Dodd, Janesville, Ohio.	Henrietta M. Simpson, Sullivan, Maine.
Tracy Eppstein, East Orange, N. J.	Faye Smiley, Albany, N. Y.
Mary C. Gosse, Jamaica Plain, Mass.	Laura W. Smith, Mills, Mass.
Grace C. Ham, Exeter, N. H.	Maud M. Smith, Williamsport, Pa.
Estene K. Henry, Cleveland, Ohio.	Frances A. Speakman, Monmouth, Ill.
Annie A. Howes, Southboro, Mass.	Marian S. Thompson, Malden, Mass.
Rose B. Kemble, Kingston, N. Y.	Myrtice A. Tucker, East Greenwich, R. I.
Anna J. Leddy, Epping, N. H.	Alice L. Walker, Kittery Point, Maine.
Grace B. Lovevin, Tilton, N. H.	Marion Q. Webster, Hancock, N. H.
Josephine W. Lyon, Port Jervise, N. J.	Winter B. Whitesel, Harrisburg, Va.
Margaret M. McCarthy, Melburn, Wis.	Charles H. Whitney, Ashtabula, Ohio.
	Estelle O. Wilcox, Plymouth, N. H.
	Bertna M. Wiley, Sidney, Ohio.
	Grace A. Yorke, Waldaboro, Maine.

## The Legend of Nineteen Hundred and Eleven

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In a wonderful city on the coast of the great sea which men call the Atlantic is a structure known as Chickering Hall. It is a building of marvelous beauty and one may easily see that it is the result of careful designing and skilled workmanship. Its pillars and steps are of marble while its floors are heart of oak. Thru its rooms are scattered works of art with plates bearing sundry mystic inscriptions. Noble men and women are seen at all times passing and repressing in its rooms and corridors. The visitor stands spell-bound, enchanted, by the melody of beautiful voices which may be heard within its walls. Even passersby may hear exquisite tones floating out on the soft air.

Each year numbers of noble youths and fair maidens wend their way to this Mecca of art and beauty, there to add new voices to the number and to derive inspiration therefrom. In the autumn of nineteen hundred and eight there came as usual a goodly number of maids and an occasional man to see the famous shrine and perchance try if it might do for them what it had done for others. They came from various climes and by many varied routes but all finally met at the wonder palace.

Scarcely had they arrived when they were met by the Emerson spirit. Now all who have had the experience described here know this spirit, but for the benefit of those who have not I will say that it is the thing which gives to the place its charm and greatness. It is all-pervading. It greets the wanderer in the hearty hand-clasp and the friendly welcoming smile of all the inmates. It cannot be described definitely or fully. To appreciate it one must journey to its home and meet it in person.

This spirit boldly took possession of the new arrivals determined that their first days should be pleasant ones. They were met on all sides by people

interested in their welfare. They were escorted to places of beauty and interest by day, and at night they danced in the palace halls to the strains of entrancing music. They came in contact daily with the charming men and women called the Faculty, and best of all, each was given one of these for her very own as a friend and counselor to whom she could carry her joys and sorrows. The President they knew and loved from the first. So kind was he, so friendly and so deeply interested in the personal welfare of each, that all declared him a prince among men.

What more could be desired? If one could be happy anywhere she ought to be so here. But it was too good to last! Before long they found that if they were to stay and enjoy these pleasures they must bestir themselves. Exercise must be taken, assignments committed and themes written.

They were soon recognized as a distinguished class and great was the joy of the Faculty when "the Baby gave voice to its first cry." Having come to be acknowledged as a class it was necessary that they have officers, so they assembled one afternoon in the late autumn and chose from their number those who should hold in their hand the future of this illustrious class. They were carefully chosen and served faithfully and well. It is to them that the class owes much of its success.

By this time they had been initiated in the Evolution of Expression and had begun to wonder whether they should ever again rest upon terra firma. Being sensible young people, however, they were not afraid to "let the chips fly," and soon began to feel that life was once more worth living. As the days went by things became brighter and brighter and soon they were filled with such enthusiasm for the work that not one could be induced to leave. Then each was presented with a member of the charmed circle known as Post Graduates as a reward of merit.

Their themes, too, took on "style" and came to be spoken of as unusually good. This became a subject of common conversation, so that when the group known as Seniors wanted good material for "Stunt Songs," it was natural that they should turn to this class for help.

When the Christmas season was come, all with one accord returned to the countries from whence they came, there to spread glad tidings of joys to be found at the wonder palace. But the impulse to return was so strong

that after two weeks it had mastered each and every one and soon all were back at work again.

It presently became apparent that if their popularity was to continue they must show what they could do by preparing and presenting a "stunt." This looked like a serious undertaking, but they plunged boldly in only to find that what had at first seemed a burden was in reality a joy. It gave a greater chance than ever before for exercising the genius of this wonderful class. If they were to have a "stunt" they must have class colors and a class flower. For the former they chose white for purity and gold to represent the quality of their work; for the latter, the daisy, representing meekness, sturdiness and perseverance. It is needless to say that the "stunt" was a decided success and exceeded anything of its kind ever before presented.

Such is the legend of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eleven as it is recorded in the archives of Emerson College.

R.B., '11.





## SPECIAL STUDENTS

Ervique Andino, Havana, Cuba.  
 Clara L. Appleby, Syracuse, N. Y.  
 Agnes E. Barry, Boston, Mass.  
 Victoria A. Bartlett, Waltham, Mass.  
 Annie C. Brierley, West Newton, Mass.  
 Florence E. Bryan, Roxbury, Mass.  
 Anna A. Cleary, Rochester, N. Y.  
 Helen M. Conant, Worcester, Mass.  
 Mabelle L. Degraun, New York City.  
 Josephine B. Delehanty, Southbridge,  
 Mass.  
 J. L. Dexter, Brookline, Mass.  
 Edith H. Fox, Quincy, Mass.  
 Christinia Fulton, Waltham, Mass.  
 Ethel Greenwood, Newton Center, Mass.  
 Lillian M. Haskell, Lowell, Mass.  
 Maxwell N. Hayson, Kenilworth, D. C.  
 Joseph L. Hermanson, Boston, Mass.  
 Helen E. Hobbs, Baldwin, Kansas.  
 Mary L. Hussey, Boston, Mass.  
 Myrtle M. Hutchinson, Melrose, Mass.  
 Anna A. Hyde, Marlboro, Mass.  
 William M. Konikon, Roxbury, Mass.  
 Isabelle M. Keppie, Lawrence, Mass.  
 Bertha Ford, Everett, Mass.

Leona L. Kress, Rochester, N. Y.  
 William C. Macdonald, Bailey's Brook,  
 Nova Scotia.  
 Winifred C. McEvoy, West Newton, Mass.  
 Orissa E. McNally, Boston, Mass.  
 Katrina Q. Morrow, Weatherford, Tex.  
 Mary E. Nicolson, Boston, Mass.  
 Julia A. Noonan, Waban, Mass.  
 Mary T. Ronan, Revere, Mass.  
 Walter M. Ryan, Dorchester, Mass.  
 Reinhold E. Saleski, Marnen, Conn.  
 Margaret D. Shields, South Boston.  
 Ellen A. Smallwood, Somerville, Mass.  
 Marguerite A. Strickland, Randolph, Mass.  
 Lillian A. Vackert, Jamaica Plain, Mass.  
 Marguerite I. Wear, Boston, Mass.  
 Josephine W. Whitaker, Arlington, Mass.  
 Annie W. Wilson, Black Mt., N. C.  
 Rosanna E. Yeomans, Beachmont, Mass.  
 Erma F. Young, Duluth, Minn.  
 Ruby F. Allen, Roxbury, Mass.  
 Mrs. Emel Baird, So. Framingham, Mass.  
 Olivette Broadway, Monroe, Louisiana.  
 George H. Fril, Waltham, Mass.  
 Caroline Richards, Boston, Mass.







GYM TEAM



COLLEGE ROOM



FACULTY ROOM

Mary Eliza McWhirter '09  
 ↓  
 Berenice Wright  
 ↓



STUDENT COUNCIL  
 ↑  
 Bertrude Dawson  
 Elizabeth Kephrie

**THE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION**

President.....	Gertrude Lawson, '08
Vice-president.....	Luella Cook, '09
Secretary-Treasurer.....	John Adams Taylor, '09

**STUDENTS COUNCIL**

Elizabeth Keppie, '08.	Bernice Wright, '09.
Laura Scott, '08.	Ray Kimberley, '09.
Grace Myser, '08.	Marie Neahr, '11.
Jessica Powers, '10.	Mary Slifer, '09.
Nathan Ried, '10.	Tracy Eppstein, '11.
Edna Thomas, '10.	Frances Speakman, '11.

**STUDENTS ENDOWMENT COMMITTEE**

May Ross, '08. chairman.	Ellene Corbin, '09.
Anna Gill, '08.	Blanche Boyden, '09.
Nellie Monroe, '10.	Rose Kemble, '11.
Wilhemina Carter, '10, Secretary-Treasurer.	Ruth Barnum, '11.

**BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF ENDOWMENT FUND**

Dr. William J. Rolfe,	Charles P. Gardiner,*
Dr. E. Charlton Black.	Dr. Richard Burton,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.	C. D. Burrage, Treas.

\*Deceased.

The Students' Association, although young in existence, is already one of the leading societies of the college. Realizing the importance of such an organization the students banded themselves together at a mass meeting held in Chickering Hall, April 8, 1908, with "the view of bettering the relations between themselves and furthering the interests of their Alma Mater." A constitution was framed and adopted.

Regular monthly meetings of the Students' Council have been held throughout the year. Various matters of student and college interest have been considered.

The association has this year assumed control of the Emerson College Magazine and Mary R. Silfer, editor-in-chief, and Nathan E. Ried, business manager and their co-workers in the splendid success of their untiring efforts are indeed to be congratulated.

The Student Endowment Committee has been rather quietly working during the year. Many pledges have been received thereby swelling the endowment fund.

Is your pledge paid?

'Tis for a most worthy cause.

Shall we not support it?

Let the Students' Association grow in its Purpose, Strength and Usefulness.





MAGAZINE BOARD

↑ Rachel Ellis

↑ Porter '09

↑ Robbie Wahgfield '09

↑ Mary Sliger McMurtrie '09



# EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

---

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

MARY REBECCA SLIFER

---

BUSINESS MANAGER

NATHAN E. REED

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COLLEGE NEWS EDITOR

MARY ISABEL ELLIS

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ELIZABETH WHITE, P. G.  
ROBBIE P. WAKEFIELD, Sr.  
BERTHA M. FISHER, Jr.  
FRANCES SPEAKMAN, Fr.



## A VALEDICTORY

---

[Upon leaving college at the close of each of the four years.]

I.

When first we part we do not heed  
The loss that parting brings :  
An "au revior—united soon,"  
Robs parting of her stings.

II.

A tinge of sadness o'er us steals,  
That years so swiftly fly ;  
With joy the future beckons still  
We simply bid "good-bye."

III.

The golden mile-stone now we reach,  
Nor falter, nor retreat :  
Have faith ! press on ! not yet "Farewell,"  
We hope again to meet.

IV.

Who knows the love and loss we feel ?  
We turn, with clasped hands  
And loyal hearts, with "Adios"  
"To God," who understands.

Dora M. Rowe, P. G.

# LITERARY



# DEPARTMENT

## MY BRIDGE OF LOVE.

Oh, could my hands but work my heart's desire,  
 Oh, could they do what I would have them do,  
 They'd take the strong, pure love I give to them  
 And build a bridge, dear love, from me to you.

My bridge of love! Ah, it would never waver,  
 My bridge of love would stand out clear and bright,  
 'Twould shine between us in all gloom and shadow,  
 'Twould stand between us in the darkest night.

But could my hands but build this bridge tonight, dear,  
 But could I then to you come quickly o'er  
 The bridge might fade then dear, I care not  
 For with you, I should never leave you more.

—M. R. S.

## MIDNIGHT.

## I.

This day is done, the clock in yonder tower  
 Tolls twelve long knells, which toll out deep and clear,  
 "Another day with all its fame and power,  
 Lies cold and stark and dead upon its bier."

## II.

A day of strength, which came with sudden dawning  
 From out the eastern sky so cold and grey,  
 And overthrew the gloom, and grew through morning  
 Into the dazzling noon-tide of the day!

## III.

A day of work, of aims not all accomplished,  
 Of failure and success, of fiercest strife,  
 A day of sacrifice, of some dear hope relinquished,  
 Of love, of joy, of woe, a day of life!

## IV.

A day that waned and passed into the morning,  
 And then with one fierce struggle in the West,  
 Lay down at last with sighing and with moaning,  
 And underneath the twilight went to rest.

## V.

And then, all thru the evening in the starlight,  
 The day lay still and waited for release,  
 And in the hours of quiet, from a far light  
 A ray of hope came, whispering of peace.

## VI.

And now the day upon its pyre is burning  
 The embers fade away, and seem to die,  
 The hours of the night in deepest yearning  
 With bowed heads, wail aloud their moaning cry.

## VII.

A sudden wonder starts from out the embers,  
 Strikes dumb with awe the wails of those who mourn,  
 A strange, wierd blaze flames in wondrous splendor,  
 And into time another day is born.

—M. R. S.

## Explorations of Class 1910

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"Marvelously good work" was the verdict of President Southwick and his helpers at Emerson last year, when the 1910 class crew returned from its first voyage on the Sea of Aspiration. The fleet consisted of four vessels called Evolution I, II, III and IV, was ably managed by Admiral Weaver, whose commanding personality, deep-seeing eye, far-reaching voice, brought loyal support from every member of the crew.

Nothing serious happened to impede the progress of any of the vessels on their outward voyage. The first ship started out with "Animation," sailed with "Smoothness" and "Volume" until its crew began the "Forming of Elements." This caused such a commotion that the second ship began to "Slide"; oh yes, and the "Slide" became more and more "Vital" until through its "Volume" it suddenly sailed into a fog of wonder which temporarily hid crew 1909 and Stunt Island. This caused undue anxiety on board 1910 and they began "Forming Pictures" of how 1909 might reach Stunt Island first. Of course, this aroused the third ship to a "Literary Analysis" of proceedings, and through "Vitalized Pictures," the crew showed its "Good Taste" in resolving not to discuss "Ratio of Values" if 1909 reached Stunt Island first. Just then the fog lifted and Admiral Weaver ordered all members to land and take active part in a convention which was to be held for the purpose of discussing the "Vizualization of Man." All were much amused at Sister Gannon, who, with ear-trumpet in hand, tried to catch the order of proceedings. In one speech on "Vizualizing" she thought the members said Bugualize and immediately began a speech against the impropriety of bugualizing men. She was corrected and the meeting was adjourned for one year.

The return sail was very pleasant, but had the crew realized the silent subconscious workings of the minds of two members, there might have been a tinge of sadness. For later it was learned that Wireless Operator Billy, on board the 1909 fleet, had sent such burning love messages to our dear Louise Ebeling that she became finally reduced to "Sparks." However, ship number four on the homeward voyage "Eclipsed" all the others in starting with an amazing "Magnanimity of Atmosphere" by toasting to the then unseen crew of 1911. This was "Creative" of the best sport until through "Obedience" to Admiral Weaver's orders the fleet harbored for about ten days at Easterport. While there Mate Gannon was seized from our midst by a "Frank Cooper," who, in his lawful way, said "possession was nine-tenths." Sad but true in his land.

Upon return to Emerson the fleet was safely anchored in harbor of Summer's Rest. However, a rocky "Examination Bar" outside the harbor caused some needless worry to members of the crew, but thanks to the splendid power

of the "Four Evolutions" which were ably steered by the mental telepathy of the faculty, all landed in fine spirits and expressed a desire to begin a second cruise under the direction of Jessie Minerva Powers.

Through the "Powers" and forethought of Admiral Jessica it was decided that the second cruise of the 1910 Class should be made on the Ethereal Sea of Aspiration that they might the quicker reach the mountain of High Art, situated far beyond Stunt Island.

Accordingly, during the summer, a beautiful Junior Airship was equipped and built in such a way as to readily respond to the law of gravity downward and the lines of Aspiration upward and forward.

For chaperons and guides the 1910 class took a number of the teachers who gave much inspiration and help along the way. With great "Clarity" of expression they presented "Taming of the Shrew," "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," to say nothing of their "Radiation" of the "Red Letter Poems."

Promptly at 8:59 September 28, 1908, the Class of 1910 followed the Powers of Minerva on board the beautiful Junior airship. With a fond farewell look all gave a glance at the fleet of "Evolutions" that had meant so much in the first cruise on the Sea of Aspiration. But the Harbor of Summer's Rest was soon left far behind for the Junior airship was speeding forward and upward toward High Art, much to the delight of the crew. On the journey the "Brilliancy" of Mrs. Hicks in Prose Forms, meant much in the "Development" of the minds of the crew, as was demonstrated, even in poetic interpretation, by the "Contrast" of Shakespeare's character when presented. However, the "Rhythm" of the crew was broken a little as they approached Stunt Island and the "Powerful Guide" ordered the ship to descend by lines of gravity downward that the crew might rest one night on Stunt Island. For an hour and half after breakfast the next morning all were entertained by Sister Petty's "Dream of a Junior Girl," who had reached the foot of High Art Mountain and was ascending to the top step by step up the ladder of "Interpretative Quality."

To regain Rhythm the crew gave a Junior Promenade the following night at "Vendome," forty hours away from Stunt Island. It was the most enjoyable affair of the whole trip and all pronounced it a great success.

Resuming airship speed all went well on board until the crew found it necessary to analyze Mr. Tripp's Hamlet. Then many complained of seeing real ghosts in their dreams. But Dr. Alden pronounced the illusions as slight signs of temporary insanity, due to over work, and President Southwick speedily came to the rescue by granting a complete ten days' rest at Easter Port. While there the Powerful leader of the crew sent out wireless messages to learn how long it would take to reach High Art Mountain. The authorities at the other end said the progress of the crew had been splendid but one more cruise would be needed. The class therefore planned to spend the Summer at Ethereal Aspiration station "Will B.," and next year start from there that they might be sure of winning their laurels and sheepskins and be back at Emerson to welcome and help launch the Class of 1912 on the Sea of Aspiration.

Emma B. Goldsmith, '10.

**"THE LETTER"**

The lady was middle-aged but still looked girlish. Her hair was snow-white, but her eyes still held the lustre of former days. Her voice, which once moved audiences to wild applause, had vanished with her strength. But, thanks to a kind Providence who had still left her this one hope, it still lived in her son Pedro.

She admitted to the room Signor Du Mas of the Berlin Opera Co., who bore in his hands an opened letter. He looked at her in blank amazement and wonder when she told him about Pedro. She looked too fragile and delicate for this world, and indeed, had it not been for Pedro, she would have been willing to fly away happy and content, to the world of soul, her natural sphere. Her voice was unusually sweet when she spoke to the Signor.

"Oh Signor, I pray you, choose Pedro. I know he is but a lad, but how hard he has toiled! How often in the midst of night when other youths at their pleasure, or in their beds, have I been awakened by Pedro's voice. I would think for a moment it was an angel's voice, but it was always Pedro, Pedro in "*L'Africaine*," Pedro in "*Il Trovatore*," always Pedro, singing singing, singing. And I was happy. My art would live in my son. My earthly house was gone, but my soul would live. Pedro, my sweet-voiced son, would sing in opera. The multitudes would applaud, and wave their hands in the frenzy of enjoyment. Pedro, my boy, with my soul and my voice, Pedro would be carried on their shoulders, the sweetest singer in all the world!"

A light step was heard on the stairs, the door opened suddenly, and a slip of a youth entered.

Du Mas looked at him in wonder. This pale willow branch, this reed shaken in the wind, this half-starved youth in opera! Why had the letter influenced him? What subtle influence had driven his steps to the ratty tenement, against his better judgment? Well, at least he would hear the boy sing. Pedro arose. The lady's fingers were still supple, and kissed the keys of the battered piano. A rapt expression stole over the boy's face. "Ah! I have sighed to rest me! "Was ever such melody? Du Mas sat as in a trance. "Oh, Leonora, fare thee well, And guard and guide my aching heart, my aching heart!"

The last strains melted away into the now dimly lighted room. Not a coal shone in the little stove. Du Mas was in tears. Controlling himself by an effort he said, "Pedro, Pedro, el Cano, you shall be as my son."

The lady, too happy for words, ne'er felt the cold. Pedro stood dreaming of the future. Du Mas was loath to leave, so new and strange was this warm, awakened sympathy.

The last shade of darkness fell, and the bell in the little mission church around the corner faintly tolled the hour of six.

F. A. S., '11.



## I.

The snow that fell so soft last night,  
And tipped the mountain peaks with white,  
And filled the hollow of the brook,  
And drifted in each hidden nook,  
Seemed o'er the world to cast a spell,  
Which deepened as the snow flakes fell.  
The fairy hoar frost filled the air,  
And caused all life to seem more fair.

## II.

But when Day came and old King Sol,  
Let gleaming arrows glance and fall,  
Shot darts into the musk-rat's hole,  
And glance at sleeping gopher stole,  
The world abashed, as in a trance,  
Stood trembling at his fiery glance,  
Her mantle changed to swelling flood,  
And grim and bear before him stood.

## III.

The pleasure that I had last night,  
That filled me with such wild delight,  
The laugh, the dance, the flowing stein,  
The flattering friend, the glow of wine,  
Seemed o'er my life to cast a glow,  
As radiant as the gleaming snow,  
Seemed all my sins to cover deep,  
And wrap in silent, dreamless sleep.

## IV.

But when my conscience, as the Day,  
Bid Truth and Reason with me stay,  
Wrought Penitence within my heart,  
And bid the unshed tear drops start,  
My soul, awakened, stood aghast,  
And trembling at the wasted past,  
Turned from the paths it once had trod,  
Stood bared and shamed before its God.

—F. A. S. '11.

**“ BREAD AND MILK ”**

## I.

The daintiest, prettiest picture  
’Twas ever my lot to see  
Was one of two little children  
On a door-stone vis-a-vis,  
With eyes as bright as diamonds,  
And hair as soft as silk,  
Out of an old-fashioned porringer  
Eating bread and milk.

## II.

In the background, near the door,  
Sit the father and the mother.  
And when the laugh goes ’round  
They glance at one another.  
What need for speech?  
The eye so much hath said.  
As they watch the little children  
Eating milk and bread.

## III.

The household pet, old Bose,  
Is sleeping in the clover,  
And in his dreams again  
The hunt he’s living over.  
Whene’er the spoons click on the dish,  
He lifts his shaggy head,  
And seems to say, “I envy you  
Your sweet new milk and bread.”

## IV.

Thru the trees the low sun shadows,  
Are drifting here and there,  
Lighting up each winsome face  
With a beauty almost rare.  
While the tired birds go fluttering  
To their leaf-cots overhead  
Softly twittering, “Good night,”  
To the girls with milk and bread.

## V.

What artist’s hand can catch  
The smile-light, coming, going,  
Or tint the restless tresses  
On the dimpled shoulders flowing,  
Or give the arching lips  
So bright a tinge of red,  
As they take a sup of milk,  
And then a bite of bread?

## VI.

Oh happy little dreamers  
Upon that door-stone step.  
No shade of care has crossed  
Your sunny paths as yet.  
Oh, would your lives might ever be  
As free from care and dread  
As now, while shadows gather,  
Eating milk and bread.

—F. A. S. 1911.

**A SONG**

Ah give me the rose in your hair, dear,  
So lovely, so fragrant with dew  
Ah give me the rose in your hair, dear,  
The rose that is breathing of you.  
I'll treasure it all through the night, dear,  
When there's gold in its inermost heart  
I'll treasure it all thru my life, dear,  
Though its withered and fallen apart.

Ah give me the rose of your heart, dear,  
So lovely, so pure and so true,  
Ah give me the rose of your love, dear,  
The rose of my life, which is you.  
I'll cherish it all thru this life, dear  
The breath of my soul it will be,  
I'll cherish it all thru the ages  
For naught can e'er take you from me.

—M. R. S.





M. Forbes

Beth Carter '09

Berene Wright '09

Enid Swamy '09

Maud Williams '09

← Lena Smith '09



OFFICERS YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Bess Earl '09

## YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

---

President.....	Catherine E. Carl
Vice-President.....	Jessica Powers
Secretary.....	Sarah E. Dobson
Treasurer.....	Mrs. Jane Allen

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## CABINET BOARD

Social Committee.....	Ruth Harter
Missionary Committee.....	Enid Severy
Bible Committee.....	Alice Rudisill
Intercollegiate Committee.....	Alma Brugeman
Extension Committee.....	Lena Smith
Correspondent .....	Frances Woodbury
Music Committee.....	Bernice Wright
Silver Bay Committee.....	Maude Williams

The Young Woman's Christian Association began its work on the opening day by giving a tea to all the new students. Every effort was made to make them feel at home and to dispel all symptoms of homesickness.

On the following Friday evening a reception was given that the entire student body might become better acquainted.

During November, delegates were sent to Radcliffe College to attend the Convention of the New England Colleges for Women. They brought back new ideas and words of encouragement.

Much interest is being shown in the coming Silver Bay Convention. Various methods have been employed for raising money to cover the expense of sending delegates and at least three representatives are assured.

Aside from the usual weekly meetings and transaction of business connected with the Association, much is done by individuals in the way of personal work. Help is given to deserving families, flowers sent to pupils absent from College owing to illness, and at Christmas and Thanksgiving several homes were cheered by the generous contributions sent them.



Stoughton,  
Rebecca Swartwood '09 who wrote "Old Emerson"  
made official college song  
↓



GLEE CLUB

**GLEE CLUB**

Manager.....Elizabeth E. Keppie  
 Assistant Manager.....Erma S. Tubbs  
 Coach.....Frances A. Speakman  
 Pianist .....Gertrude Lawson

**MEMBERS**

## Sopranos

## First

Anna Cleary  
 Erma S. Tubbs  
 Ruth Morgan  
 Elizabeth Foss

## Second

Rebecca E. Swartwood  
 Elizabeth E. Keppie  
 Ruth I. Morse  
 Josephine W. Lyon

## Altos

## First

Anna C. Gill  
 Hazel F. Jenning  
 Fanny E. Woodbury  
 Frances A. Speakman

## Second

Eunice Story  
 Jessica M. Powers  
 Edna M. Phillips  
 Bertha Wiley





CANADIAN CLUB

## CANADIAN CLUB

Founded 1906.

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### OFFICERS

President.....Mildred P. Forbes  
 Secretary-Treasurer.....J. Winnifred Sinclair  
 Magazine Correspondent.....Mary G. Creaghan

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### STUDENT MEMBERS

Bessie Beals	Henrietta S. Rackham
Elizabeth S. Colwell	Edna M. Weatherspoon
Sara K. Dobson	Elizabeth C. White
Mrs. L. A. McIntyre	Amy G. Witter

---

### GRADUATE MEMBERS

Jennie Archibald	Eva Griffith
Helen Badgeley	Clara Haynes
Josephine Crichton	Alice Mitchell
Margaret Fulton	Verna Sheldon
Mr. Sheldon	Mr. Sumot
Miss Stoop	Helen Tait

---

### HONORARY MEMBERS

Mrs. Eben Charlton Black, Honorary President	Mrs. Harry Seymour Ross
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PHI MU GAMMA SORORITY

**PHI MU GAMMA**

Founded at Hollis Institute, Va., 1898.

**CHAPTER ROLL**

Hollis Institute, Virginia	N. E. Conservatory, Massachusetts
Brenan College, Georgia	Emerson College, Massachusetts
Judson College, Alabama	Miss Ely's School, Connecticut
Miss Graham's School, New York	Potter College, Kentucky.
Veltin School, New York	

Iota Chapter, Established 1908, Emerson College.

Color—Turquoise Blue and Black.

Flower—Forget-me-not. Jewel—Pearl.

**OFFICERS**

President.....	Marguerite Virginia Weaver
Vice-President .....	May Ross
Secretary.....	Minnie Reese Richardson
Corresponding Secretary.....	Marguerite Chaffee
Treasurer .....	Bernice Loveland
Editor .....	Janet Chesney

**In Facultate**

Mrs. E. C. Black  
Miss H. C. Sleight  
Mr. C. Gilbert  
Mr. W. Tripp  
President Southwick

**Sorores**

'08

May Ross, New Mexico.  
Marguerite Chaffee, Tenn.

'09

Luella Cook, New York  
Ellene Corbin, Mass.  
Allie Hayes, Ga.

Ruth Blodgett, Ga.  
Minnie R. Richardson, Ala.  
Lillian Righter, Ind.

'10

Janet Chesney, Conn.  
Aline Geiple, Pa.  
Ina Wright, N. J.  
Bernice Loveland, Conn.  
Marguerite Weaver, Ala.  
Hazel Shine, Fla.

'11

Meda Bushnell, Mich.  
Josephine Lyon, N. J.  
Evelyn Cash, Mich.

Chapter house, 177 Botolph St., Boston, Mass.





CAST OF CHARACTERS IN PHI MU GAMMA PLAY "SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY."



"Sweet Nell of Old Drury"

# "Sweet Nell of Old Drury"

A Comedy in Four Acts by

PAUL KESTER

Presented by

**Iota Chapter**

**Phi Mu Gamma Sorority**  
of Emerson College

for

**POST GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIP**

Under the personal direction of

MRS. MAUD GATCHELL HICKS

**Jordan Hall**

**Monday Evening, March twenty-ninth**

**NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE**

At Eight o'clock

## Characters

Charles II., King of England	Marguerite Chaffee
Lord Jeffreys, Chief Justice	Ina Wright
Sir Roger Fairfax	Ellene Corbin
Lord Lovelace	Ruth Blodgett
Lord Rochester	Allie Hays
Percival, a provincial actor	Marguerite Weaver
Rollins, a friend of Percival	Allene Geiple
Lacy, an agent of Jeffreys	Bernice Loveland
Captain Graham Clavering	Josephine Lyon
Lord in Waiting	Evelyn Cash
1st Alderman	Meda Bushnell
2nd Alderman	Josephine Lyon
Lord in Waiting	Evelyn Cash
Mercer, servant of Nell Gwynne	Evelyn Cash
William	Meda Bushnell
Dutchess of Portsmouth	Minnie-Reese Richardson
Lady Castlemaine	Lillian Righter
Lady Olivia Vernon	May Rose
Tiffin, a bar maid	Jannette Chesney
Nell Gwynne	Luella Cook
Guards, Lords and Ladies of the Court	Coach, Mrs. Hicks
Make-up, Edward P. Hicks	Manager, Minnie-Reese Richardson,
Assistant Manager, Evelyn Cash.	



DELTA DELTA PHI SORORITY

## KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Ohio Wesleyan University, 1890, 1902.

Colors—Green and White. Flower—Lily-of-the-Valley.

## OFFICERS

President.....	Bernice E. Wright, '09
Vice-President.....	Alice J. Davidson, '10
Secretary.....	Helen I. Curtis, '09
Corresponding Secretary.....	Christine F. Hodgdon, '10
Treasurer.....	Rhea Nell Kimberly, '09
Sergeant-at-arms.....	Nettie V. Bowlus, '09
Magazine Representative.....	Nellie F. Munro, '10
Alumni Treasurer.....	Alma Bruggeman, '10

## MEMBERS

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'09  
Blanche E. Boyden  
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Rhea Nell Kimberly  
Myrtie M. Maguire  
Bernice E. Wright

'10  
Ruth V. Adams  
Dealsy I. Brooks  
Alma M. Bruggeman  
Alice J. Davidson

Christine F. Hodgdon  
Nellie F. Munro  
Pocahontas Stauff

'11  
Florence J. Deisher  
Marie C. Gosse  
Edith S. Newton

## Honorary Members.

Mrs. Wm. H. Kenney  
Miss Lilla B. Smith  
Mrs. Edwin M. Whitney  
Mrs. Harry S. Ross



ZETA PHI ETA SORORITY



## ZETA PHI ETA.

Founded at Cumnoek School of Oratory, 1892.  
Colors—Rose and White. Flower—La France Rose.

## OFFICERS

President.....	Amy A. Fisher
Vice-President.....	Maude M. Heusch
Secretary.....	Lena M. Smith
Corresponding Secretary.....	Mildred L. Clarke
Treasurer.....	Ida Faye Smith
President Standing Committee.....	Ruth M. Whistler
Magazine Representative.....	Minabel Garrett

## MEMBERS

## Honorary Members.

Henry Lawrence Southwick  
Edith Coburn Noyes  
Bertel Glidden Willard  
M. Eden Tatem  
Edward Phillips Hicks  
Mary Elizabeth Gatchell  
Archibald Fergusn Reddie

## Active Members.

Maude Gatchell Hicks  
Gertrude I. McQuesten  
Elvie Burnett Willard

'08

Hazel Forsythe Jennings

'09

Mildred L. Clark  
Minnie A. Farron  
Amy A. Fisher  
Maude M. Heusch  
Marcella Martin  
Winifred Sinclair  
Lena M. Smith  
Ruth M. Whistler

'10

Vashti C. Bitler  
Ruby P. Ferguson  
Agnes McNally  
Minabel Garrett  
Ida Faye Smith

'11

Ruth C. Barnum  
Sheila B. McLane  
Marie E. Neahr





## PHI ALPHA TAU

### ALPHA CHAPTER

Founded at Emerson College of Oratory, 1922.

### ROLL OF CHAPTER

Alpha—Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.

Beta—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Gamma—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.

Delta—Leland Stanford University, Berkeley, Cal.

### OFFICERS

President.....Frank G. MacKenna  
 Vice-President.....George F. Kelley  
 Secretary.....John A. Taylor  
 Treasurer.....N. E. Reed  
 Sergeant-at-Arms.....R. H. Burnham

### MEMBERS

#### Fratres.

Warren Ballou Brigham  
 George Francis Kelley  
 Frank Gamble MacKenna  
 William Roy McElrath  
 Irwin Lewis Potter  
 Nathan Edward Reed  
 John Adams Taylor

#### Fratres in Urbe.

Robert Howes Burnham  
 William G. Harrington  
 Charles Bishop Johnson  
 James Oliver Lawson

William Alenzo Sparks  
 George Estes Whittier

#### Fratres in Facultate.

Henry Lawrence Southwick  
 Aller Arthur Stockdale  
 Walter Bradley Tripp  
 William G. Ward

#### Honorary.

Dr. Richard P. Burton  
 Charles T. Grilley  
 Edwin Whitney

**EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON**

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**OFFICERS**

President.....	Ellen Atwater Goudy, Salem, Mass.
First Vice-President.....	Anna Engleton Marmein Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Second Vice-President.....	Annie Carpenter Burdett No. Reading, Mass.
Secretary.....	Edith Jackson Waite, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Treasurer.....	J. Ruth Coons, Boston, Mass.
Magazine Correspondent.....	Gertrude McQuesten Boston, Mass.

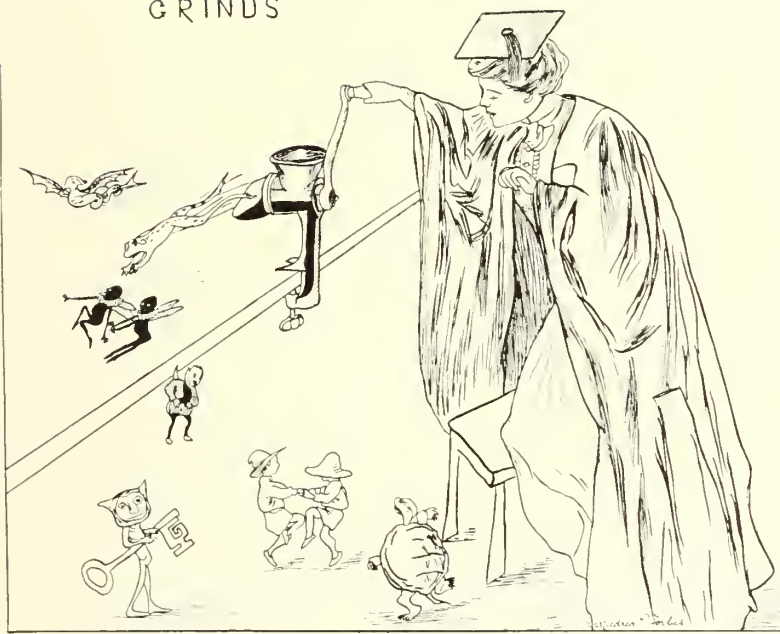
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Meetings held on the first Tuesday of each month from November to May, inclusive.

As Boston is the home of the College, an Emerson Club was organized in December, 1907, whose membership consists of former students residing in and around the city. The object of the club is three-fold: social, literary, and to preserve the tie that binds us to our beloved Alma Mater.



GRINDS



## PARODY ON "GOSPOR BECERRD"

By her study lamp, the Junior  
Pondered o'er her Rhetoric theme;  
Weary, worn and discouraged,  
Still she mused, toiled and schemed.

But a lesson in Macbeth  
Soon would task her utmost skill;  
And, alas! for English papers  
Her tired brain worked not at will.

By her skill in analyzing  
The great Hamlet had been wrought;  
Days and weeks this tireless Junior  
Over him had lavished thought.

Now discouraged and desponding,  
She sinks down, too tired to weep,  
And the day's long round of duties  
Finds refreshment in her sleep.

Then a dream came, "Rise, O Junior!  
With thy sleep shake off the sloth  
Mould by art the soul within thee!"  
And the weary Junior woke.

Woke, and from her table starting  
Seized and burned her aimless theme;  
Then sat down and wrote another,  
And the subject was, her dream.

Oh thou, Senior, Junior, Freshman!  
Take this lesson to thy heart;  
Never should you be discouraged,  
Following in the path of Art.

Veroqua S. Petty, '10.

**"A JUNIOR'S SOLILOQUY"**

Is this a Senior which I see before me,  
Her eyes protruding from their orbits?  
Come, let me talk to thee.  
I speak to thee, but thou see'st me not.  
Art thou not, sweet vision, sensible  
To hearing as to sight? or art thine eyes  
Upon a vacant room, wherein to practice  
Scenes or plays or repertoire?  
I see thee again in form as desperate  
As that which I at first beheld,  
Madly rushing through the halls  
In search of men and their attire.  
While they, poor creatures, seek the catacombs,  
I see thee later, and on thy brow  
Deep frowns and furrows  
Which were not there before.  
Thou show'st me the path that I must tread  
Ere yet another year rolls round,  
And such an apparition I may become.  
Now o'er my senses comes the thought  
To be a Senior, or not, that is the question:  
Whether 'tis better to become a nervous wreck,  
Harass my dearest friends,  
And seek relief in tears in some secluded spot,  
Or by remaining at home escape these trials and perplexities.  
But who would bear the thought of opportunities lost,  
Achievements unattained—powers and faculties impaired.  
The slurs and scoffs of friends and college-mates;  
And worst of all, one's conscience saying, "beaten"?  
So I will bear the ills I have,  
And fly to others that are more than these,  
When the Class of 1910 embark  
Upon this labyrinth of trouble.

Minabel Garrett, '10.



## HER FETTER

By Fiske Harte.

(With all due respect to Bret Harte.)  
I'm sitting alone by the fire,

Dressed just as I came in from class,  
And plunged hopelessly in a deep mire  
Of "crits" that will ne'er let me pass.

I'm benighted out of all reason,  
My airs now, I think, will be few.  
In short, sir, the "flunk" of the season  
Has just learned a lesson or two—

Oh, dozens of classes I've cut for

The joys of a good matinee,  
Likewise exercises in chapel,—

I thought that they never would pay.  
They say I'd be smart—if I'd study,  
But anyone then can do that,—

While all cannot have special courses  
From Harvard, and Tech and His "frat."  
And how do I like my position?

And what do I think of this town?  
And now, in my higher ambition

Has Art captured me, toe to crown?  
And isn't it nice to have teachers

That see you'll be great and all that,  
Quite different from those who once told me,  
"You don't know what you are at."

Well, no, if you saw me digging

Each day, hard at work, for an hour.

If you saw me plotting and scheming

You'd agree I was fast growing power.

If you saw how I slaved, worked and suffered

Portraying the feelings of man,

You'd agree that those teachers are jealous

Who say, "you haven't him and never can."

And so, at a moment when sitting

In a class of interpretation,

'Mid giggles and whispers befitting

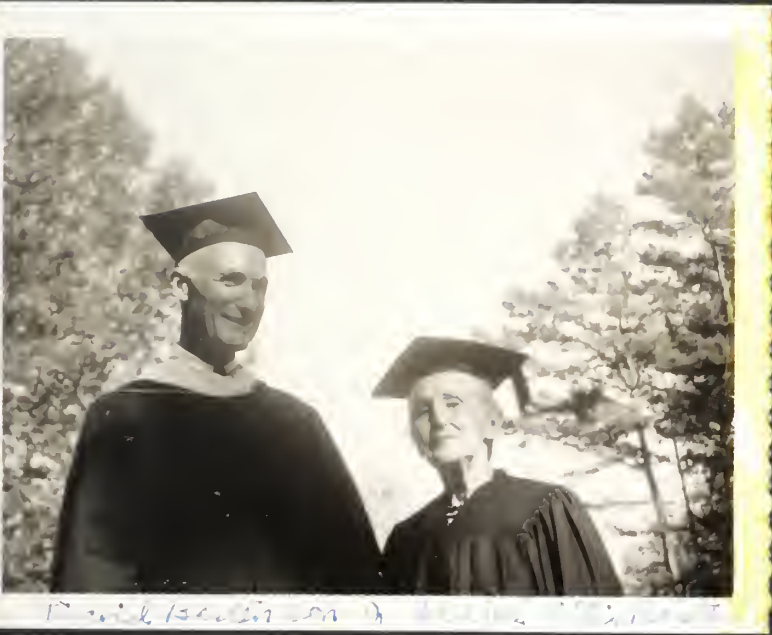
An attentive recitation

In the midst of the shade of Bard Shakespeare

And the hum of subdued merriment,

Somehow, Joe, I thot of "The Orphan"

When I starred and discovered my bent.



Frank Peterson and [unclear]



Of Podunk and all the home talent,  
 The A. O. U. F. and their hall,  
 The home village orchestra playing,  
 The applause echoing back from each wall.  
 Of the way that I looked when I shivered,  
 And left in the cold, driving snow,  
 And uttered in tremulous accents,  
 "I'll go—for-r-r I love him-m so!"

Of the way that our paper extolled me,  
 Of the flowers and bouquets that I had,  
 Of the way Emma Green got jealous  
 And said things that made me so mad.  
 Of my fame—that to me is the sweetest  
 The compliments that you said at the gate;—  
 Of course, Joe, you couldn't then realize  
 I was destined by fate to be great.

Well, well it's all past, but it's pleasure,  
 To think as I sat in my class,  
 That then I was once a treasure,  
 If now I'm but one of the mass,  
 And that I'd been thinking right there  
 Of some one who had loved me truly  
 Tho' his vibrations did not time with mine;  
 And who tried to the best of his knowledge,  
 Just to give me a real, old good time.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing—  
 Macbeth on my table awaits—  
 Instead of my scene work committing,  
 I'm spooning with Joseph, so late!  
 And I shall be "finished" by teacher  
 If my lines the next time I don't know:  
 Oh, why in being artistic  
 Must one work on stuff that's so slow!

Good-night, here's the end of my paper.  
 Good-night, if the longitude please,  
 For maybe while wasting my taper  
 Your sun's climbing over the trees.  
 But, know, that not being an artist  
 That your heart, dearest Joe, will not rent,  
 When I say we're not made for each other  
 For I've got the Art Temperament.

B. W. F., '10.

## GRINDS

## Extract From Emerson Primer.

Oh, see the stu-dent.  
 Is he a hap-py stu-dent?  
 No, he is ir-ri-ta-ted.  
 Why, what ir-ri-ta-tes him?  
 He has just dis-cov-er-ed that he has over-cut.  
 He did not know that rad-i-cal chan-ges had been made.  
 Now he can-not grad-u-ate this year.

The attention of students wishing to economize is called to a new lunch counter at which a full meal (?) may be had for the modest sum of ten cents. Those desiring further information please apply to M. P.

Echoes from the Shakespeare Classes Ghost—"I could a tale unfold that would make thy knotted and uncombed locks to part."

Orlando:

"Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree  
 The fair, the chaste and unexpected she."

Phebe—"And I for Gandymede."

Mrs. Hicks—"Where did we leave off reading class?"

Senior—"We left off at Jake's speech."

Mr. Tripp (With a crushing glance at pupil who has just read a speech from "Hamlet")—"Amazement on thy mother sits." Queen must have felt hurt when she got sat on like that.

To the students of E. C. O.: All club or class meetings should be held in Shooshan's between 9 and 9:30 in the morning!

"When they are wanted  
 They seldom can be found,  
 But when they are not  
 They always are around."  
 Guess who!

"A helpless infant here I roam, far from my maternal home."

Chamberlin, '11.

"Every day is Ladies' Day with me."

Hugh Towne.

"We come to bury the Honor System, not to praise it."

Students of E. C. O.

Will some one please tell us:

If Mrs. Willard ever gets cross?

If MacKenna is really in love?

When Mr. Kenney will cease to use slang in the Class Room?

How many rehearsals can be carried on simultaneously in the catacombs?

If the captains of the divisions ever attend chapel?

Why the Y. W. C. A. girls all voted against the honor system?

A way to star in Hamlet scenes without rehearsing?

A new excuse for cutting chapel?

The number of times per day the word "artistic" is used?

Who said Literary Analysis was a "cinch"?

If "crushes" are necessary toward the development of the "artistic temperament"?

Why "Mac" was seen trying to put two gloves on one hand the morning after the Prom?

A Senior reading the lines from "Hamlet"—"and wager on yours heads"—gave us the unique interpretation "and wagger on your heads."

It has actually come to pass that a man of the college has had to don feminine attire while some lassie made use of his suit for Dramatic Art.

Freshman (Interested in Anatomy)—Miss Sleight, what are the muscles, those little blue things?

Miss S.—No, my dear, those are veins.

Miss Cook (In Normal Class)—"Now for instance, take the picture of a horse. First you look at it as a whole, you notice the head, the legs—"

Miss Smith—"Yes, class, don't forget de-tail."

Freshman (Pointing to schedule)—"Is this class in the library?"

Junior—"No, that's in the Hall."

Freshman—"But it says here ad. lib."

Dr. Ward—"Now under this classification where do birds come in?"

Student (Who eats at 27, to fellow student)—"I wish a part of one would come in my digestive apparatus."

### A GROWING IMPRESSION.

Freshman—"I don't like that dragon on the 'Tech' poster."

Junior—"You may not like it now but it will grow on you."

Freshman—"I'd like to have a thing like that grow on me."

"Technique."



## LOVE LETTERS OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Dear Mark: Can't you come up to Rome for Junior Week? There will be something doing all the time, so bring all your glad tunics. Gus, Caesar is going to give a ball in the Coliseum and I am having a new toga made for it. The Senators' Lute Club gives a concert at the Pompeii Kitchen with a feed afterwards. Do hope you are not in training and can come.

I am enclosing a copy of the latest college song by Horace, "Rome Must Win To-day." It sounds swell on the lyre.

Anxiously,

Yours, Cleo.

Mrs. B.—"What have we had this morning most uplifting to the soul?"  
Pupil—(Thinking of accident on the way to school)—"A banana peel."

## IN CHAPEL.

Mr. Taylor gets wonderful results from the physical culture exercises and these same results move the persons near him almost to tears, for the sight of John trying to follow Dr. Alden's helpful little pamphlet while keeping one eye on Miss Smith and in the meantime waving his free arm wildly about, is enough to make anyone weep.

Prof. Walter B. Bostock (Speaking to his trained animals who are getting nervous)—"Now don't paw the furniture!"

## MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS AT E. C. O.

## I.

Prove by the theory of Limits and Variables that a mince pie at the Dormitory Dining Room can be cut indefinitely into any number of pieces, any one of which will always be greater than zero.

## II.

There are nine recitation rooms at the college. If one afternoon between the hours of two and four o'clock there are scheduled twelve private lessons, three "Hamlet," two "As You Like It" scenes, three pantomime, and two Dramatic Art rehearsals, a Junior class meeting, Freshman "Stunt" rehearsal, and a Student's Council meeting, make a fair apportionment of rooms, so that each party shall occupy one for forty-five consecutive minutes.

## III.

Derive a formula for drawing high marks in Mrs. Hick's courses without working hard.

## IV.

The inter-sorority dance was held on the evening of February 13th. The day previous MacKenna appeared with hair formally trimmed, a new pair of patent leather shoes, and was seen reading a book entitled, "Witty Sayings." Calculate the probability that he attended the dance.

A Senior announces she can rehearse any day but Monday, Tuesday, Friday or Saturday. Four rehearsals are required; the scene is due in one week. State the grade of the scene.

The time was October. A band of merry Freshmen were enroute for Cambridge. They waited fifteen minutes, twenty, an hour, but all the cars whizzed by, and not even their most frantic "Emerson Exercises" or their wildest shouts a la "Expressive Voice" could attract the eye of a conductor. At last a "Junior Special," who was acting as chaperone, decided to interview a policeman. That gentleman crustily advised them to search for a white post.

But this was only a beginning. They believe thoroughly in the doctrine that it is better to do the wrong thing than to do nothing. So they have been wildly "plunging" about in the Sea of Inexperience, ever since their arrival in "The Hub." But sweet hope whispers that ere they are Seniors they will find "more royal margin" and that with "weight on the balls of the feet," "good support of the waist muscles," "aspiration upward," and "a good smart poise of the head," they will sail into the harbor of safety.

A Freshman.

We study Evolution,  
We grind on English Lit.,  
We've discarded "Yellocution,"  
So we always make a "hit."

Oh, it's slide and glide,  
And learning to relax,  
It's on one line to stride,  
It's Rhetoric and Syntax.

But we forget all these troubles when Dame Humor appears with her smiling countenance.

A jolly little "Div. E.,"  
Who is far away from home,  
Was known to try to lightly tread,  
"On the pride and greece of Rome."  
While one among the brethren,  
In words well framed and neat,  
Was known to call attention  
To "their broad and shaggy feet."  
He may have been the one who flunked,  
In Eng. Lit. "exam";  
Was he "cramming" for acoustic's test?  
We trust he meant no "slam."

Dr. B.—"I do not wish you to think of Sir ————— as a good man. He was according to modern phraseology, a sort of 'cuss.' "

Miss S.—"Dr., how do you spell that name?"

A prominent Freshman lass was known to have addressed Miss Sleight as "Miss Bones." Miss S. forgave her, for she knew she was worrying about that Anatomy "quiz."

Mr. G. (In Platform Department)—"Why, students, some of these people were almost as awkward as you are."

Senior—"What are you here for, Freshie?"

Freshie:—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
I must view you from afar,  
You stand there so proud and free,  
I sit in the balcony.

You read Browning, Shakespeare, Keats,  
I've ne'er tasted of their sweets,  
I can only grind on 'voice,'  
I must pine and you rejoice.

But light of day casts out the stars,  
I see Sol's light extinguish Mars,  
I'll grind away, a SUN I'll be,  
Then sit in the balcony.

Stranger—"What is the matter with that girl, she seems to be gazing into vacancy and humming such wierd airs."

Senior—"Oh, that's nothing. She is to be "Ophelia" in the 'mad scene.'"

Dr. W.—"All women are angels. John is not a woman, therefore, he is not an angel."

Miss W.—"Will you please state that over, Dr. W."

In noticing two of our estimable P. G.'s eating chocolates one morning during Prof. Grigg's lecture, our eyes were suddenly opened to the fact that refreshments should be served. Hitherto we had deemed the lecture sufficient "food" but now we shall feel it our duty to call the attention of the management to the sad deficiency which we are sure they were not aware of. Thank you, for the hint.

The Seniors have been loath to divulge any secrets of late. The reason? The same for all. They have to take the Year Book home!

Mrs. Fisher startled us one morning by announcing she had learned a new selection! The shock was slightly lessened, however, when she informed us it was very short.

Prof. Tripp—"Class, I shall give you Polonius' speech and I want you to respond with Ophelia's words: "Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?"

Miss M. (Whose thoughts have been wandering)—"Yes!"

## RULES FOR CONDUCT.

E. C. O. Residences.

Oh stop, oh listen, look and see!  
 Rules for conduct—there are but three.  
 NEVER tell where you may go.  
 NEVER talk in tones quite low.  
 But take all things you find about—  
 You'll be a perfect lady without doubt.

## THREE JUNIORS.

[Parody on Kingsley's "Three Fishers."]  
 Three Juniors went walking out into the Fens,  
 Out into the fens as the chapel bell rang;  
 Of course it was strange for the Class Nineteen Ten  
 Who were always in chapel to help when they sang;  
 But Juniors must rest, if Juniors must work,  
 And every one knows how little they shirk—  
 If in Emerson College.

Three Juniors went in at the "Prose Forms" hour,  
 And studied their lines as the roll was put down;  
 They looked at the teacher, they thot of her power,  
 And the knowledge of Clarity grew hazy and brown;  
 For they must have Brilliancy, and they must be deep,  
 With Radiator pure and climax steep—  
 When in Emerson College.

Three Juniors were thinking as the restless sands,  
 Of the college year were slipping away.  
 Soon there would be parting and clasping of hands,  
 Some leave to return, while some never may.  
 Still friends must meet and friends must part,  
 For truth and love is the key to each heart—  
 Of the students in Emerson College.

V. S. P., '10.

## A DREAM OF E. C. O.

I dreamed a dream as Mieza did  
 So many years ago;  
 'Twas not the bridge of life I saw,  
 But a vision of E. C. O.

'Twas not one well-known building here,  
 But a path with four high gates,  
 And o'er each one, in letters dim,  
 I saw these words and dates:

"Freshmen," in green, on the first gate I saw;  
 Then "Junior," in letters quite small;  
 "Senior, '09," on the third one so high;  
 "P. G." on the last gate of all.

Thru the first there came children, some eager, some shy,  
 Some faltered, turned back, some quickly pushed by  
 To reach the next one with its wording of fate,  
 But a change would come o'er them as they passed thru this gate.

Their laughter continued, but somehow to me,  
 A fine sort of dignity now I could see;  
 And they seemed not content to stay in that place,  
 But still hurried onward with new added grace.

The third gate seemed harder to open by far  
 Than the others they'd come thru; but still without jar,  
 They managed to do it, and entered with noise,  
 Those numerous maidens, those three lonely boys.

And now many of them soon faded from view,  
 So the fourth gate was opened by only a few;  
 Who, as they went thru it, looked backward and sighed:  
 "Our life here is over," they all sadly cried.

"All over," I murmured, as some ancient seer;  
 "Yes, all over," I heard whispered sharp in my ear.  
 "The lecture is over," 'twas Thursday you know,  
 And so ended my dreaming of dear E. C. O.

E. K. H., '11.

### "THE CLASS OF 1911."

[With Apologies to Sir Walter Scott.]

Oh, we are the class that's best,  
 We came from North, South and West;  
 And to seek knowledge is our aim,  
 To make our mark, and win some fame—  
 But we are very young and shy,  
 Though to "let go" so hard we try.

We stayed not for distance, we stopped not for miles;  
 We started with tears, but landed with smiles.  
 But when we did at first appear  
 In chapel, it was with dreadful fear,  
 For we did not understand  
 Just how "to contract and expand."

Yet boldly we entered Chickering Hall,  
Among P. G.'s, and Seniors, and Juniors, and all;  
Then spake our good president, words of cheer  
Which we have remembered through all the year,  
Soon we learned just what to do,  
Of Evolution a thing or two.

We long have hoped, and hard have tried,  
And for the artistic temperament sighed;  
And now we come to acquire  
Art, that all may see and admire.  
Though there are things we like better by far,  
Than "Sheridan's Ride" and "Lochinvar."

The Seniors entertained us and the Juniors, too;  
And we had festivities not a few;  
We were treated so grand,  
That we could quite understand,  
Why Emerson to all hearts is so dear;  
And hope to stay here more than a year.

Of our class we are proud,  
And proclaim it aloud,  
That though Freshies we are,  
We hope to outshine by far,  
All classes, both great and small;  
And be the very best class of all.

We practice to sit, to walk and to stand;  
And vainly try Chaucer to understand.  
In Physical Culture we quite excell;  
And think we do Voice Work really quite well.  
And Rhetoric, too, we study each day;  
Now what more of a class than this, can you say?

Sheila Belle McLane, '11.





# Commencement.

A

SENIOR'S

DREAM



## COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME.

## Commencement Week.

Baccalureate Sermon,

Rev. Allen F. Stockdale.

## DEBATE.

Miss Lease,  
Miss Colwell,Miss Griffin,  
Miss Bean.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE EXERCISES IN GREEK COSTUME.

Mrs. Gondy,  
Miss Carpenter,  
Miss Cook,  
Mrs. Fisher,  
Miss Malony,  
Miss Lane,  
Miss Rogers,  
Miss Maguire,  
Miss Fowler,Miss Harter,  
Miss Heusch,  
Miss Holland,  
Miss Robinson,  
Miss Sinclair,  
Miss Page,  
Miss Whistler,  
Miss Welborn,  
Miss Dondero,

## PANTOMIME.

Miss Boyden,  
Miss Martin,  
Miss Florence Curtis,  
Miss Blodgett,  
Miss Bitler,Miss Forbes,  
Mrs. Fisher,  
Miss Witter,  
Miss Richardson,  
Miss Heusch,

## SENIOR PLAY.

## "A Virginia Courtship."

Major Fairfax.....	Miss Robinson.
Captain Fairfax.....	Miss Farron.
Laura Fenwick.....	Miss Smith.
Prudence.....	Miss Elsie Thomas.
Madam Constance Robert.....	Miss Allie Hayes.
Jack Neville.....	Miss Bowlus.
Berkeley .....	Miss Helen Curtis.

Squire Fenwick.....	Miss Swartwood.
Kendall.....	Miss Mann.
Marie.....	Miss Muzzy.
Maid.....	Miss Hall.
Betty Fairfax.....	Miss Kimberley.
Sam.....	Miss Austin.
Juniper.....	Miss Webster.
Neal.....	Miss Warner.

### SKETCHES.

#### "The Flight of Little Emily."

Peggotty.....	Miss Cook.
David.....	Miss Clark.
Hamm.....	Miss Daisy Thomas.
Mrs. Gummidge.....	Miss Wakefield.

### NICHOLAS NICKELBY.

#### "Mrs. Nickelby's Suitor."

Mrs. Nickelby.....	Mrs. MacIntyre.
Kate.....	Miss Zura.
Stranger.....	Miss Foss.
Keeper.....	Miss Simpson.
Nicholas.....	Miss Theresa Hayes.
Smike.....	Miss Kievenaar.

#### "THE FALCON"—Tennyson.

Fillipo.....	Miss Kelley.
Count.....	Miss Slifer.
Countess.....	Miss Ellis.
Elizabeth.....	Miss Williams.

#### "THE ROMANCERS"—Rostand.

Percinet.....	Miss Righter.
Stratford.....	Miss Dondero.
Benjamin.....	Miss Carpenter.
Pasquinot.....	Miss Jenks.
Sylvette.....	Miss Jaynes.

### Swinesmen and Mashers.

Miss Hicks,	Miss Maxwell,
Miss Rogers,	Miss Wainwright.

## SENIOR RECITALS.

Miss Page,	Miss Crogman,
Miss Whistler,	Miss Stillman,
Mr. MacKenna,	Miss McDannel.

## POST GRADUATE PLAY.

## "A Winter's Tale.

Leontes, .....	Miss Chaffee.
Mamillius, .....	Miss Gill.
Camillo, .....	Miss Cattrel.
Antigonus, .....	Miss Lawson.
Cleomenes and Shepherdess, .....	Miss Williams.
Phocion, .....	Miss Ellis.
Polixenes, .....	Miss Waggoner.
Florizel, .....	Miss Reed.
Archidamus and Messenger, .....	Miss Beals.
Old Shepherd (reputed father of Perdita), .....	Miss White.
Clown and Lord, .....	Miss Havener.
Antolycus, .....	Miss Bradstreet.
Gaoler and Mariner, .....	Mrs. Farrar.
Hermione, .....	Miss Myser.
Perdita, .....	Miss Ross.
Paulina, .....	Miss Scott.
Shepherdess, .....	Miss Rackham.
Lauria, .....	Miss Roe.

## CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

Salutatory—Miss Wright.  
 Orator—Mr. Taylor.  
 Historian—Miss Severy.  
 Prophet—Miss Carl.  
 Poet—Miss Corbin.

## ANNUAL ALUMNI MEETING AND BANQUET.

Commencement Address,	Dr. Black.
Presentation of Diplomas,	President Southwick.
Farewell Address,	President Southwick.



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From the gorgeous dawn of our day,  
Through the noontide bright, to the western light,  
And we've shown you all of the way.

And now that the evening has come  
Before we take our rest,  
That tomorrow's dawn may see us go on,  
We'll tell you of all things the best.

'Tis the spirit of work and love  
Which has lighted us through this day,  
And we will hold that light, which dispelled our night,  
And 'twill brighten our whole life's way.

# LA FIN



Reine Dambree





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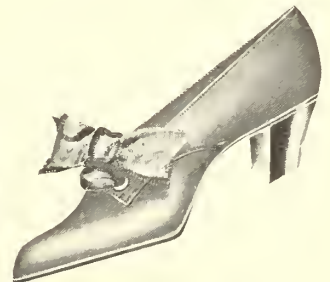


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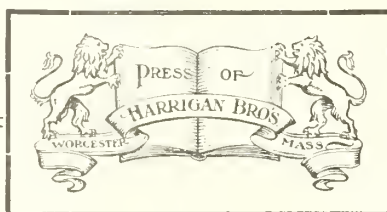
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